

# 1984

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NO. EIGHT

SEPT.

A WARREN MAGAZINE

1984 ILLUSTRATED ADULT FANTASY



PROVOCATIVE ILLUSTRATED ADULT FANTASY!

LAUREN

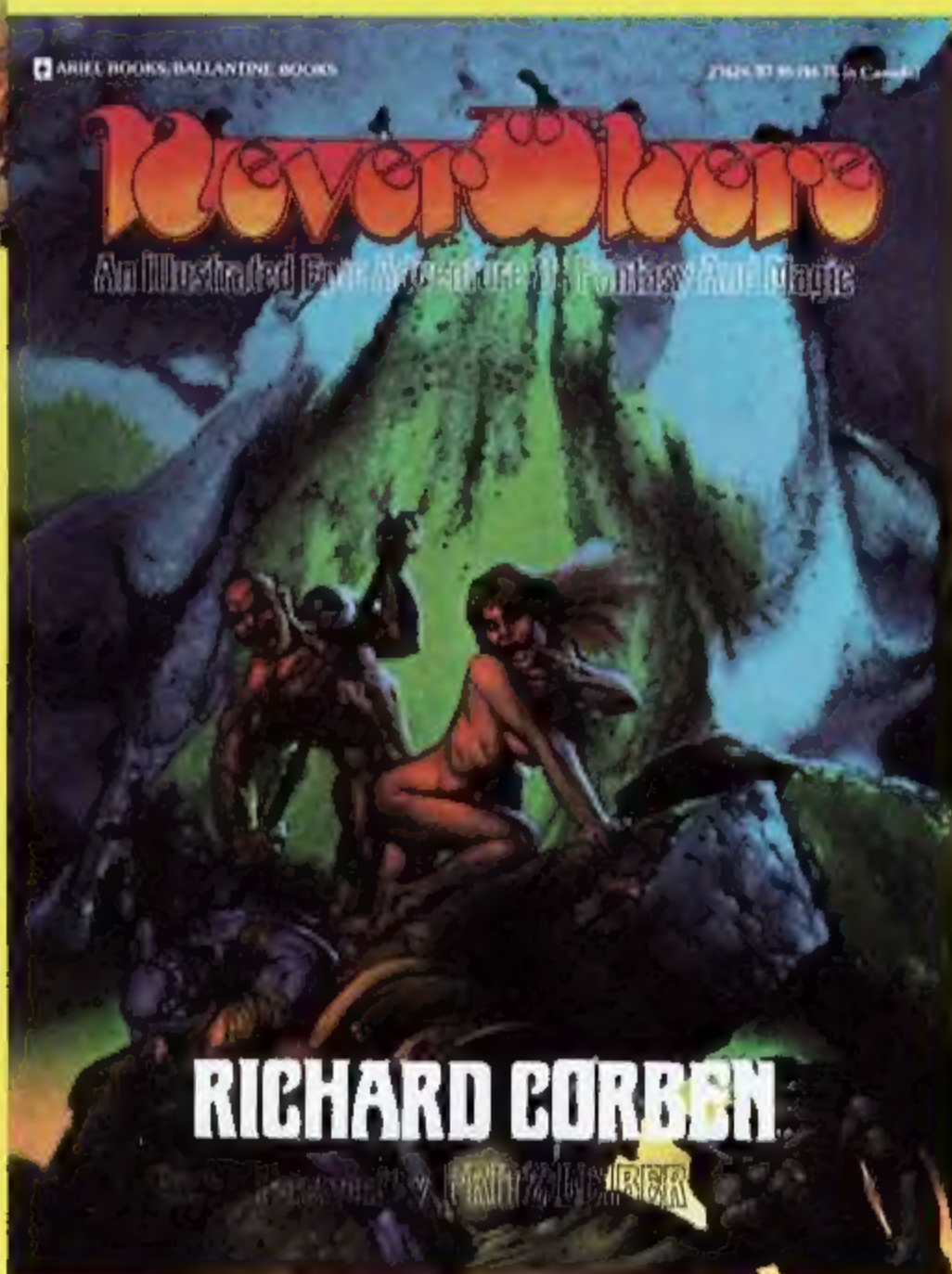


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# 1984

MAGAZINE

NUMBER EIGHT SEPT. 1979

1984



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Assistant Editors

JIM LAURIER  
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PAINTER'S MOUNTAIN

6

Painter was different! His body refused to be affected by whatever it was that had turned his tribe into beasts. And Painter, mad as he seemed to be, was certain that he had been put on earth to save the human race!



By Budd Lewis, Bill DuBay and Alex Nino

HERMA

22



Sir Robert Draftstree-Battlesberry ventured to the arctic wastes seeking the elusive Tactibranchia Streptoneura, a small but prolific ice clam! What he found instead, rocked the very pillars of modern scientific thought!

By Bill DuBay and Jose Gonzalez

TWILIGHT'S END

30

For six weeks the orbiter had monitored the planet, recording and evaluating every event on its surface. Now, its monitoring over, a glistening silver hand thrust at the controls. It was time for the savages to meet god!



By Alabaster Redzone and Rudy Nebres

MUTANT WORLD

43



Poor Dimento! The only woman he had ever loved, indeed, the only woman he had ever seen, had run away with another man! He was alone, sad, and ready to end it all when suddenly he saw them: The mammaries of his dreams!

By Jan strnad and Richard Corben

GHITA of ALIZARR

51

As the Trollian hordes ravaged the city of Alizarr, a long-dead general ravaged Ghita! And yet, as long as he was, the decaying war-hero could not satisfy her as well as the even longer shaft of his glistening sword!



By Frank Thorne

MADMEN and MESSIAHS

63



Like Orwell said, 1984 wasn't a particularly good year! After the gas riots of '81 and the tax strikes of '82, it seemed like things just couldn't get much worse. They did! Just as Emperor Kennedy was sworn into office!

By Bill DuBay and Abel Laxamana

ONCE UPON A HOLOCAUST

74

Hardtack wasn't a nice man. He knew about the Cryo-Center. He knew that there, in a deep, dormant sleep, lay the last woman alive. But he was not about to share her. Not even if it meant saving a dying humankind!



By Nicola Cuti, Bill DuBay and Alex Nino

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# incoming telemetry



## WHERE'S THAT OLD WARREN INNOVATION?

One of the biggest reasons why I like **1984** is that it is a publication wherein the reader is allowed to say what he feels without being censored. Indeed, you seem to encourage healthy arguments and verbal vulgarities as long as they make interesting reading.

Well, I don't know how interesting this letter is going to be, but I do have a bitch I would like to get off my chest.

A lot of what I read in the letters pages of the **Warren** magazines, praises **Jim Warren** on his innovation for publishing black and white comic books, and applauds his ardent desire to print only the best absolute best in illustrated stories. Well, I think that's all bullshit.

First of all, **Warren** hasn't had an original magazine idea in twenty years. He continually repeats the same successful **Famous Monsters** formula with these rip-off movie one-shots that he has been flooding the market with in recent months. And his comic magazines have remained essentially unchanged since he stole the idea for **CREEPY** #1...

**1984**, like all the **Warren** magazines, is nothing more than a hodge-podge collection of unrelated short stories. There is no meat to any of it. Hasn't anyone ever told **Warren** that the short story is dead? Just once I would like to see him publish a book length epic: Something with substance, and originality that his readers can sink their teeth into.

Oh sure, he's come close, with a couple of book-length **Vampirella** stories, and a few **Rook** stories that have fallen just short of the mark because they were never given the necessary room to expand. But if you don't like blood-lusting aliens and time travelling adventurers, even these were unsatisfying.

Why can't we, just once, have a book-length science fiction novel in **1984**? I mean cover-to-cover, with none of this continued-next-issue shit! Why can't we have substance in the comics?

If anyone can do it, I know **Warren** can. His eighty-page magazine formats are the perfect proving grounds for these graphic super-novels. What say, guys? At least try it!

CHRIS SHOPIERE  
Reedsville, Wisc.



## IN COME THE HACKS OUT GO THE MASTERS?

Like all of your regular readers and ardent followers, I read with some trepidation your announcement in issue #6 that **Frank Thorne** would soon make his "momentous" debut in **1984**.

I knew that **Thorne's** appearance within your pages would, by necessity of space alone, force one of the other fine artists out of the pages of the magazine. And knowing that **Esteban Maroto's** **Idi Amin** series would soon be taking its final bows, I logically assumed that **Thorne** would be **Maroto's** replacement.

I will not deny that the mere thought of it made me quake with not a little fear over the future of **1984**. How could **Thorne**, a long-time comic book hack, replace my all-time favorite comic magazine illustrator? Would this presage visions of more to come? Other, lesser funny book illuminaries taking over for the peerless talents that have made **1984** so great? Ah, I feared, it was the beginning of the end.

And then came **1984** #7. **Thorne** was in, **Maroto** was out... just as I had anticipated. But miracle of miracles, I could scarce believe my eyes. **Thorne's** "**Ghita**" far surpassed anything that I had ever seen illustrated by my former artistic favorite **Maroto**. It has style and flair and wit, and a heroine that makes **Maroto's** girls look sick. **Ghita** is alive, thanks to **Thorne's** breathtaking art and enthralling storyline. She is, without a doubt, the best thing about **1984**.

PATRICK YORK  
Whitmire, S.C.

Let me tell you quite frankly that I have never read **Marvel's** **Red Sonja** comic book series. Ardent chauvinist that I am, the very idea of a female **Conan** nauseated me beyond mere words. And, quite frankly, when I read your announcement in **1984** #6 that **Frank Thorne** was soon to do his all-new improved version of **Red Sonja** for **1984**, I was aghast, disheartened and ready to cancel my subscription to what I had thought was going to be a fine and innovative magazine.

And then came **1984** #7. With **Thorne's** "**Ghita**," making her debut appearance. To be quite honest with you, I read every other story in the issue, and then put the magazine aside not having the least desire to read the **Ghita** tale.

But something made me go back. Some intangible urging would not permit me to cast **1984** aside until every word, every line of art was perused and evaluated.

Slowly, hesitantly, I began "**Ghita**"... and was instantly, irreversibly mesmerized!

**Thorne's** miraculous art, his dual prologue with both **Ghita** and her Antediluvian city being ravished simultaneously, were pure delight to behold.

**Thorne** made me instantly love **Ghita** and the tumbumping old sot, **Theneb**. Oh sure, it's obvious that he has stolen the best of **Red Sonja**, with more than a passing nod to **Vampirella** and her own besotted prestigitator. But his well-plotted, craftily-penned tale made me fall instantly in love with his characters. And now, quite the opposite of how I felt when I began reading this issue of **1984**, I cannot wait for the second and future installments of this comic classic.

I guess you guys up there behind the editorial desks knew what you were blowing your horn about! With **Gita** and **Thorne** you really have something to be proud of!

DALE GREEN  
Maupin, Ore.

## NEBRES, REDZONE TOPS!

**Rudy Nebres** and **Alabaster Redzone** are doing a really fine job on the continuing epic "**Twilight's End**."

So far I've been engrossed by both chapters of the story, and while I'm still not sure exactly where it is I am being taken, I know that I'm having a lot of fun getting there.

DEBBY LANSDALE  
Smyrna, Del.



## NO MORE MINDLESS MARVEL RIPOFFS

I never thought I'd see a story like "Kaiser Warduke and the Indispensable Jasper Gemstone" within a magazine like 1984. I was under the impression that you folks were supposed to be producing an innovative, thought-provoking and intelligent comic book feature for an adult readership. Rich Margopoulos' "Kaiser Warduke" was none of those things. It was utter garbage!

While the story started out on a respectable enough though cliché premise (the Big War, mutants, etc.), it deteriorated quickly into a nonsensical string of disjointed one-liners which led us on a wearing trip through mediocre Marvel-style battle scenes and a downbeat conclusion that served no purpose whatsoever and only blatantly illustrated that the story lacked both plot and purpose.

If this is the calibre of work of which Margopoulos is capable these days, then I say blackball the hack from the pages of comics forever! It is so-called "writers" like these who are singing the death knell of the medium.

**OLDEN SHEFFIELD**  
Derry, N.H.

Okay, you guys have had your fling poking fun at Marvel Comics' senseless and repetitive muscle-bound hero action tales. And your little satire didn't come off any better than the mindless tripe that's being spewn out so regularly over at that rival comics publisher. So let's not see any more crap like "Kaiser Warduke and the Indispensable Jasper Gemstone!"

**LYNN MASSEY**  
Northfield, N.J.

I really like 1984 for it's truly excellent comic book art. When I buy a copy of the magazine, I know sight unseen, that I am about to be treated to the absolute finest comic art to see print today.

Rich Corben, Alex Nino, Rudy Nebres, Jose Ortiz, and now Frank Thorne.

What I'd like to know, though, is how, among all these shining stars of the comics field, did a hack like Jimmy James find his way into the pages of such an otherwise excellent magazine? Even the incomparable rendering of Alfredo Alcalá cannot cover up James' blatant artistic thievery.

The man is not an artist. He is a Xerox machine, reproducing some of the most mundane Marvel Comics work ever published. Couldn't you please dump James and give us 100% pure, untainted Alfredo Alcalá?

**GAIL WOODSON**  
Roseland, N.J.



## BOOK-LENGTH NINO EPICS IMPOSSIBLE?

1984 #7 was a classic for one reason alone: Alex Nino's imaginative and purely exciting art.

With each passing issue, Nino's artistic expertise actually seems to improve. His varying techniques give his work a freshness that is not seen in the work of even the truly great illustrations produced by Jose Ortiz, Alfredo Alcalá, Richard Corben or any of the other 1984 regulars.

And this issue's Nino offering was particularly fine because there was so much more of it. Two stories, and both fourteen pages in length. I was in Heaven!

I hope we'll be seeing more issues of 1984 like this in the future, with more of Nino's masterful art.

**ELLIE CLAY**  
Farmington, Mass.

My favorite funny book artist is Alex Nino. There is no other illustrator working in the medium today who exercises such originality, such flair, such boundless imagination in his art.

Just look at that magnificent futuristic city on the splash page of "Teleport 2010." Has anything more inspired ever sprung from the imagination of a mere man? Nino is a genius. He is also the main reason why I regularly purchase 1984.

**CLAUDIA SOCHI**  
Howell, Mich.

Two Alex Nino stories per issue is not enough! Any chance of having him illustrate an entire issue of 1984 . . . cover to cover?

**CHARLIE SACO**  
Wilsall, Mont.

Ah, if only he could, Charlie! But we're afraid that it would take up so much of Alex's time as to preclude his regular monthly work for 1984. And we wouldn't want an issue to go by without Alex's fanciful illustrations gracing our pages. Would you?

## NEBRES ART GREAT BUT COULD BE BETTER

Rudy Nebres' artwork for Warren Publishing is the absolute best work in his comics illustrating career. It is so detailed, so fluent and so engrossing that he actually makes me feel as though I am on the far-away worlds he is illustrating.

I was enjoying my usual feeling of displaced euphoria as I read the second installment of his truly engrossing "Twilight's End" saga, until, that is, I came upon the third page in that story, at which point I had to just stop, and shudder with delight.

The exquisite use of tonal values on that page lent a quality and depth of realism to Nebres' art which, as excellent as it is, seems to have been lacking before, and was truly stunning to behold.

Wouldn't it be possible for Rudy to "color" all of his pages with varying values, as he did this one? It would make his already-beautiful black and white art ever so much more pleasant to look at!

**BEATRICE GONZALEZ**  
Hayward, Calif.

## WHERE ARE WARREN'S, SUPER STARS?

1984 #7 was very different from the preceding six issues of the magazine. Noticeably different.

The entire tone of the magazine seemed altered to me. Gone were the clever little barbs and witticisms, and sadly lacking were those small touches of genius which have, to this point, made the magazine so great.

It took me awhile to figure out why the stories seemed so different, but intellect that I am, it eventually hit me. There wasn't one story in the issue by that was authored by that duo of double-entertained debauchery, Jim Stenstrum and Bill DuBay. Instead, we were gifted with the mediocre mundanity of Budd Lewis, Gerry Boudreau and Rich Margopoulos. It was just like the good old days when those "talents" reigned supreme within the Warren magazines. I didn't like them way back when. And I like them even less now.

So what's happened? Has quarterback Dube and his star receiver stepped aside to let the second string take the field and try for the elusive winning points? I sure hope not, because the second string just isn't making it anymore.

Us loyal fans want to see that all-star team back in action. We want the genius that has made 1984 what it is! Give us back Stenstrum and Dube.

**ROWE WHITE**  
Grandy, Minn.





# PAINTER'S MOUNTAIN

The city glistened like a golden jewel in the bright orange sunlight of dusk.

The encroaching night crept boldly upon the day's lengthening shadows. The tribe filed quietly from the concrete spires happy to return to their homes in the verdant, overgrown forest.

The day's foraging was at an end. With the darkening skies came the pleasures of the night and the chance to enjoy the meagre treasures scrounged in the long-dead city of ghosts.

With the night came the inevitable disputes . . .



. . . and the continuance of life's endless problems.

Painter!  
What is the matter?  
Why are you going?

You can  
be next if  
you'd like.





The others can fight for your favors, Davina.

I'm not interested in sharing your love with barbarians.

Ha ha! Let the fairy-boy go! It'll mean more pussy for the rest of us!

Painter was a loner, among a tribe of forest-dwelling loners. He, unlike his people, was distressingly aware of the depths to which the human race had plummeted; of the promise which it had been denied.

Look at them! Wasting their energies.

And for what? A fleeting moment of pleasure!

Shit! It means nothing!

And pussy is life, is it not, Ygor?

Pussy is everything!

The others simply did not seem to understand that they had, for some monstrously inconceivable reason, succumbed completely to their most basic primordial instincts.

Painter was different. Perhaps the chemistry within his brain refused to be effected by whatever it was that had turned his brothers into ... beasts.

Or perhaps Painter was, as he believed himself to be, a throwback to more civilized times ... to a day when the cities and mankind had a purpose ... when man used his brain instead of his brute strength to accomplish his long-forgotten, but no less illustrious goals.

Dammit all! They make me sick! They don't care about the cities. They don't care about their own well-being.

They don't give a shit for anything but the smell of a bitch in heat!

Assholes!

How can you be so goddamn blind?

You're wasting your lives! For nothing!

Because of savages like you, we'll be living in treetops forever!

Painter's outburst was as savage, as base as those of his despised brothers. It was so unlike him, he knew. And yet, even as he watched the red gore ooze from the skulls of those he had struck down, his heart ached with a dull, inner tinge of pain.

He did not mean to kill. He did not mean to hurt. He wanted only to save his brothers ... to help them usher in a brighter tomorrow.

P.Painter—! W-Why—!

WHY??

Why, Boris? Because you are an animal and deserve no better!

You would serve better gutted and thrust upon a spit, to fill the empty bellies of your children!





You are not fit to call yourself a man!

You fairy fucker! Put that club down and I'll show you who's a man!



THKK!

Ending your miserable life will be like putting an animal out of its misery!



Noooooo!

And you, bitch . . . spreading your legs for anyone who would have you! Do you really think that is the way a woman is supposed to be?



Is it better to spill blood needlessly, Painter? Is that what makes you better than the rest of us? Because you know how to kill!?



What's going on here? Painter! What have you done to your brothers?

He has slain them, grandfather! The Painter has gone mad!

Painter . . . no! It is right for the strong to fight . . . for the strong to take from the weak, so that they may survive . . .!

You . . . you know know the consequences, my son.

But it is against the law of nature to kill!



Noooooo! You need me!

As you say, grandfather, the strong must survive!

I am the strongest! I alone can lead you out of your meaningless existence!



SKOWW!

Without me, you will remain apes!



Without me . . . you will die!



Don't you understand? I can save you!

You need me!

He is mad!

The rabid dog must be destroyed!



Painter ran . . . with his tribesmen in feverish pursuit. They wanted to end his suffering, quell his sickness, before it was passed to others, equally susceptible to the strange malady of madness!



But Painter knew he was not ill. Like so many long-forgotten messiahs, he was convinced that he alone was enlightened . . .



. . . that in him alone lay the hope of the future!



And in his conviction, he was certain that any means necessary to reach his end, would be justified to insure his survival.

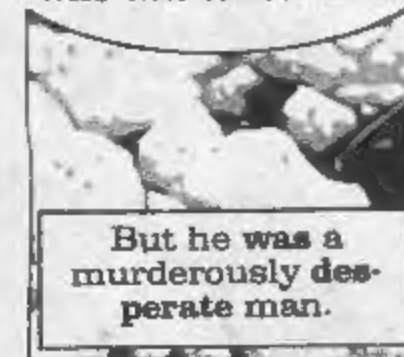


Ignorant heathens!

Painter was not an evil man.



One day you will see! Only the Painter will survive! The Painter . . . and those who will follow him!



But he was a murderously desperate man.



The weeks passed slowly for the outcast as he eeked forth a meagre survival on the summit of a nearby mountain. Painter stayed away from his family, allowing time to heal the wounds he had caused them.

Then one day, the scent of something familiar wafted upon the gentle winds . . .!



It was humans. Not from his tribe, but from another, living near the great southern waters of the city.

The sight of his own kind warmed him. They seemed at peace with themselves, content, happy . . .

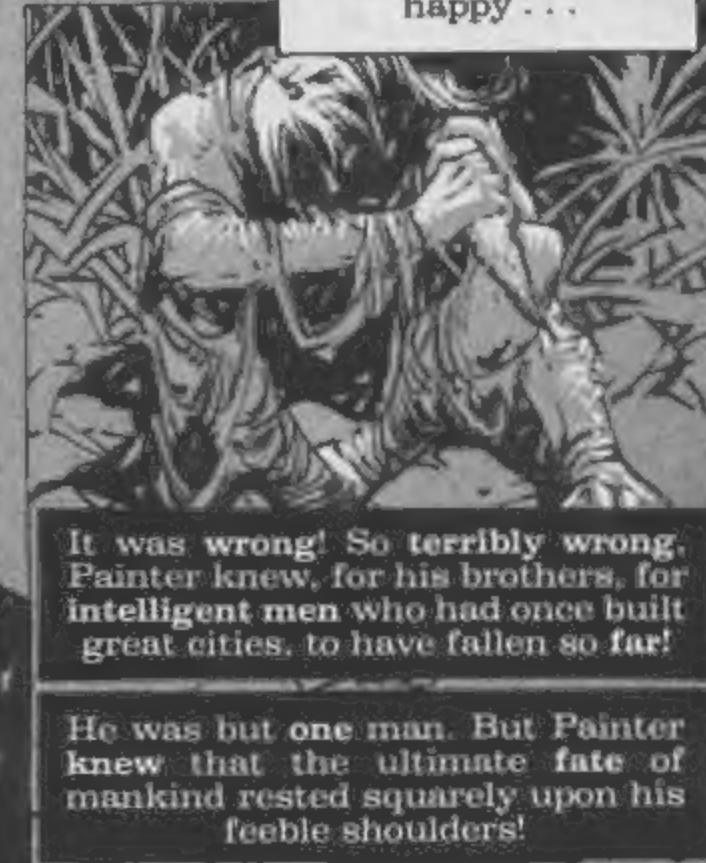
The sun blinked for the final time behind the spires of the distant city. It glistened like a bright jewel, serving no purpose on the decaying corpse of a world.

The Painter watched, wholly consumed with a heartfelt ache over his own insane actions. He wanted to save his brothers . . . not spill their blood, nor turn them away.

The sick acidity of uncertainty forced nausea to well within him. Like so many messiahs before him . . . the painter stood . . . alone!



. . . and totally at the mercy of the world!



It was wrong! So terribly wrong. Painter knew, for his brothers, for intelligent men who had once built great cities, to have fallen so far!

He was but one man. But Painter knew that the ultimate fate of mankind rested squarely upon his feeble shoulders!





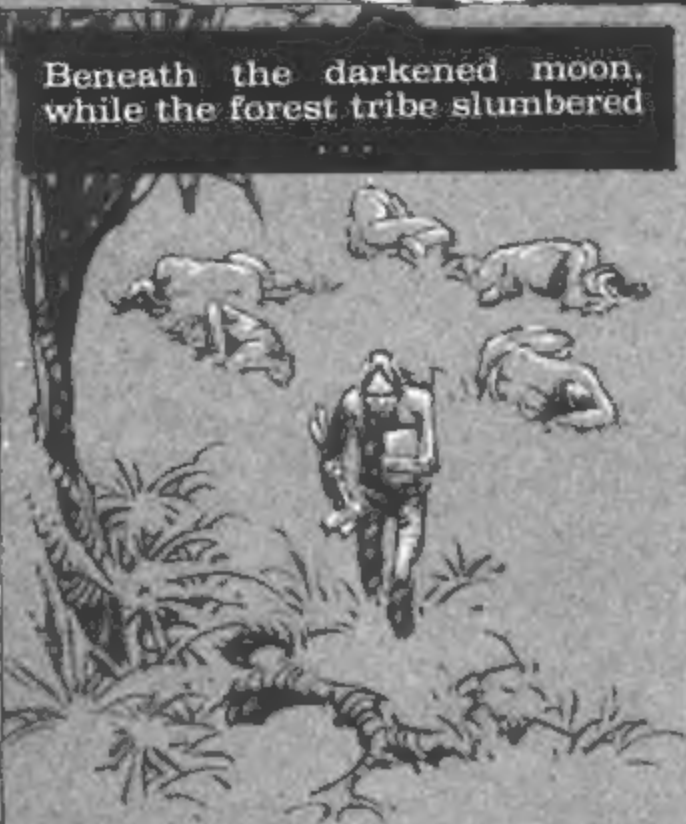
The innocents had to be helped. Some inner instinct pushed the outcast, guided his hands as he fashioned the implements to save them.



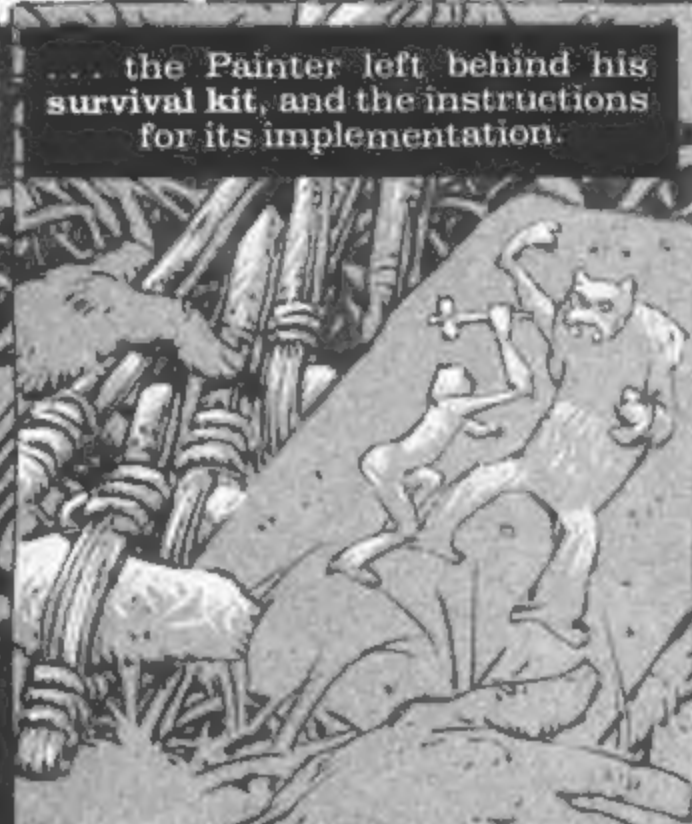
The survival of his species became the Painter's one all-consuming passion.



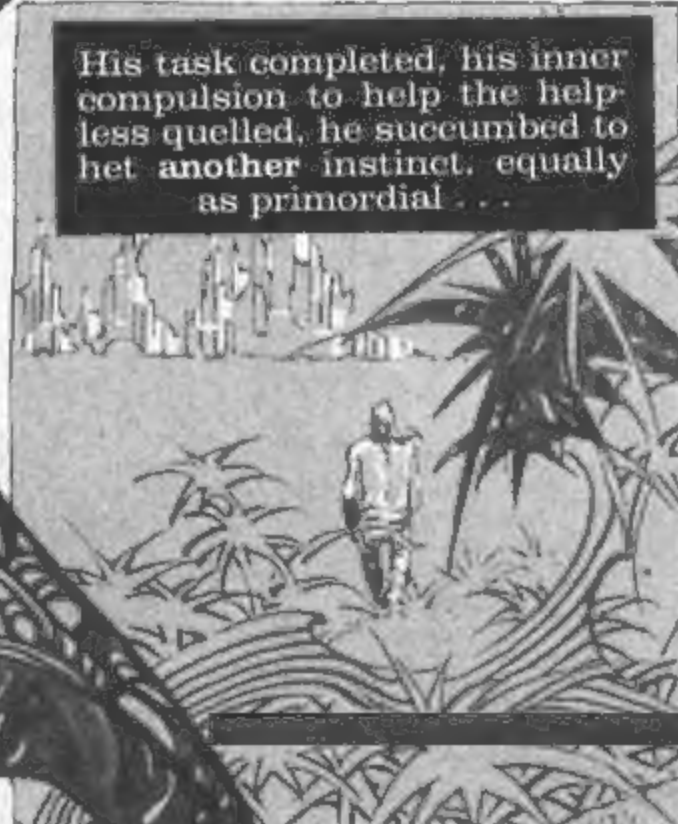
He knew there was but one, inevitable way.



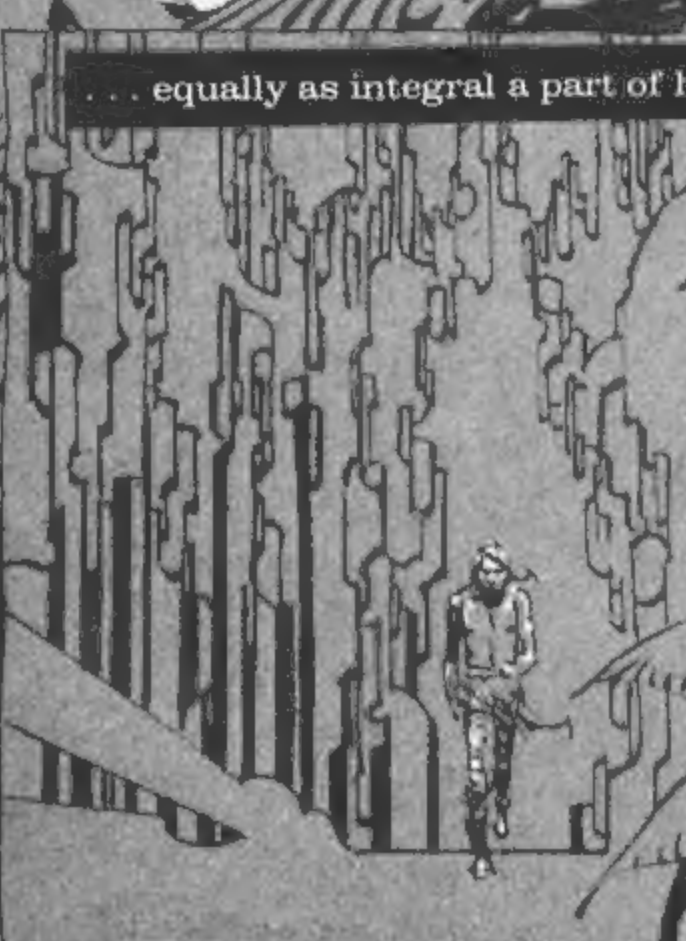
Beneath the darkened moon, while the forest tribe slumbered



... the Painter left behind his survival kit, and the instructions for its implementation.



His task completed, his inner compulsion to help the helpless quelled, he succumbed to yet another instinct, equally as primordial.



... equally as integral a part of his being!



Without a faltering step, the outcast would past the city and at last came upon the place.



... the ancient, almost-forgotten cathedral, known only as ... The Holy Place.



Here men once came to reflect, think, consider; to be near a great omnipotent awareness. To be near the power men call God.



It was this sanctuary where the ancestors came to communicate with the greater power.



Painter needed to communicate this night, to strengthen his spirit, to tell that power that he was trying to help the others.

He needed desperately to ask that power, "Whither now, Father? Wither now?"





Life continued for both the Painter and the forest tribe. Daily, the tribe ventured into the city to forage and explore, only to return again to the forest with the night, and continue their existence as mindless beasts.



The outcast, the "Messiah," became more primitive, yet, somehow, a little more civilized.



As the years passed, the loner discovered yet another like himself. A female. He took her as his wife, and she bore him many sons.

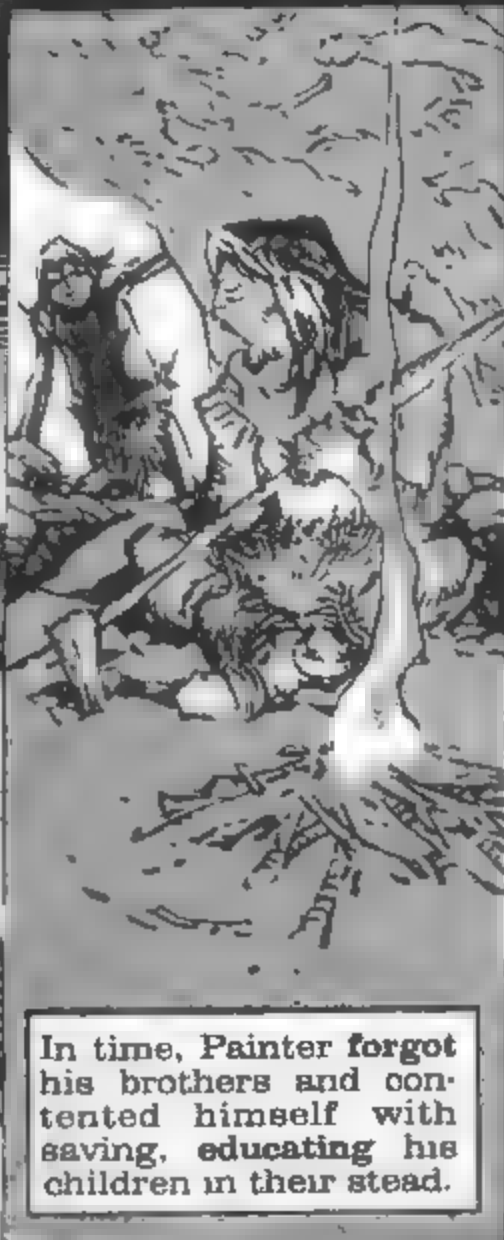
The loner was no more.



Occasionally, he would bring his old tools and weapons, and paintings to explain their usage. Yet each attempt at communication brought another disheartening failure.



They simply would not be enlightened... and saved!



In time, Painter forgot his brothers and contented himself with saving, educating his children in their stead.



He ceased to care for his former tribe. They rebuked what he offered and sealed their own inevitable end.

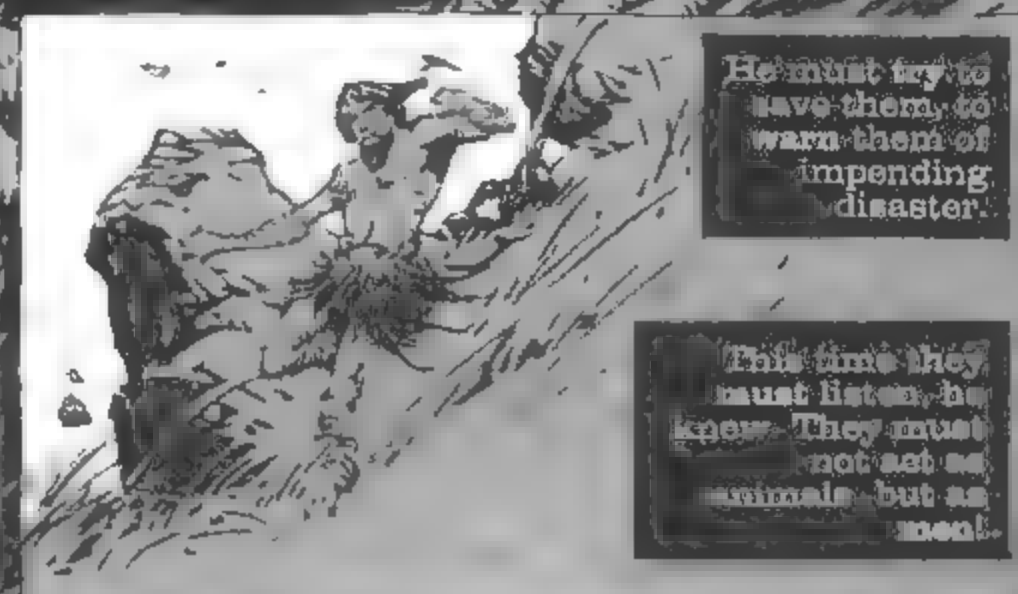


Then, one day, the great clouds came, gathering ominously in the heavens above Painter's peaceful mountain.

The wind screamed his anger, the grounds shuddered with rage. Painter knew that a cataclysmic horror was fast approaching, and that his world would never again be the same again.



In those last fleeting moments, the aging outcast remembered his brothers.



He must try to save them, to warn them of impending disaster.

This time they must listen, he knew. They must not act as animals, but as men!





My brothers, hear me!

You are in mortal danger!

You!

I remember you! You're Painter... the killer!

Did you come to slay us, killer?

I've no time for old quarrels, Ygor.

You must listen! A storm is coming!

It will flood the land. It will kill your tribe!

You lie, killer!

You want our land!



No! No! Goddamn it! Listen to me this time!

Please!

Kill the outcast!

Slay the killer!

The Painter will not harm the tribe again!

Again, Painter was chased from his tribe. His brothers were wholly consumed with a bloodlust that masked their own fear of the self-proclaimed Messiah!



And again Painter's wife allowed him to avoid their deadly clubs.

He hid in the underbrush until they gave up the search, and he cried tears of genuine sorrow as they returned to the forest beside their golden city.



Painter knew they were returning to face their deaths.

And there wasn't a damn thing their "messiah" could do for them.

The howling winds came first. They wailed through the forest, uprooting trees, lifting bodies only to send them crashing like blood-filled sacs against naked stone and earth.

The roar of the wind was deafening. But above it all, Painter, safe on his mountainous perch, could hear the death cries of those whom he had tried vainly to save.



The rains too, were unrelenting, cascading from thick black clouds in endless torrents of passion. Pregnant rivers, swollen from the frenzied, unchecked orgy, gave birth to turbulent, temperamental waves. And the seas, aroused by a gyrating earth, hammered incessantly against her virginous landlocked orifices, until the virgin land was no more, and a mighty flood unleashing nature's consummate excitement, spilled forth in grim violation of her valleys.





Painter and his children were consumed with sorrow. From the safety of their mountain, they watched a civilization die!



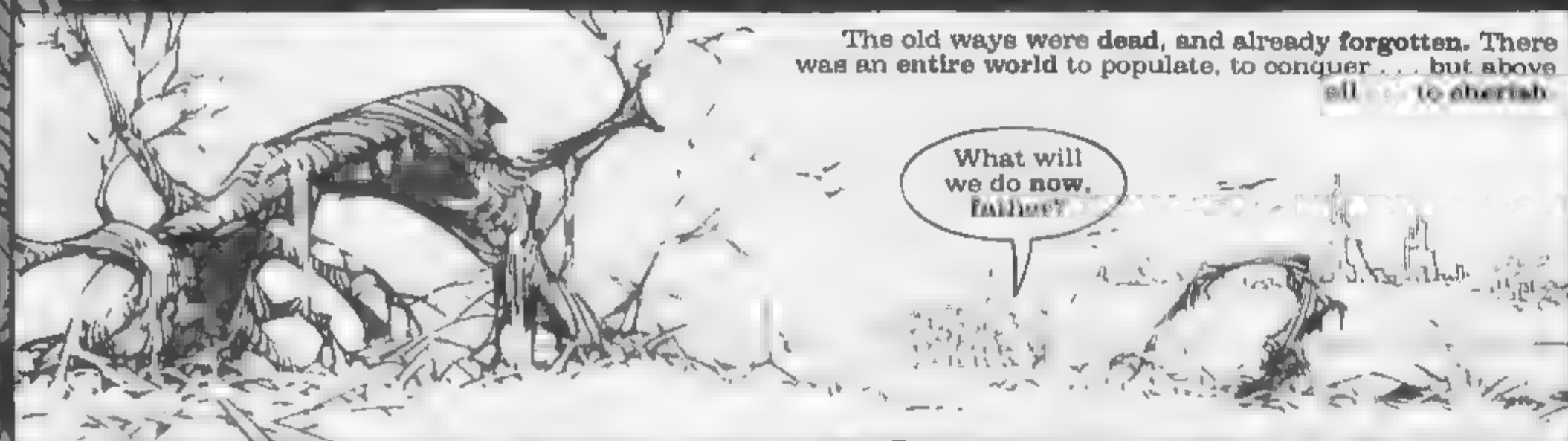
They saw the golden crumble, bore silent witness as it disappeared beneath the hungry waves!



Because Painter was different he had survived.



Because he had survived, there would be a new order.



The old ways were dead, and already forgotten. There was an entire world to populate, to conquer... but above all... to cherish.

What will we do now, Father?

Already, it was forgotten how the forest tribe came to be on this great but turbulent world!

We will go on as we have, my son, learning with each day that we live.

We will give thanks in the great Holy Place...

There was no memory of the desperate craft and crew that had crashed here centuries before.

... Thanks to the all-supreme ones that we have survived...

Lost forever was the tale of how that crew had built a giant city to remind them of their own distant world.

... Thanks that we are... different!

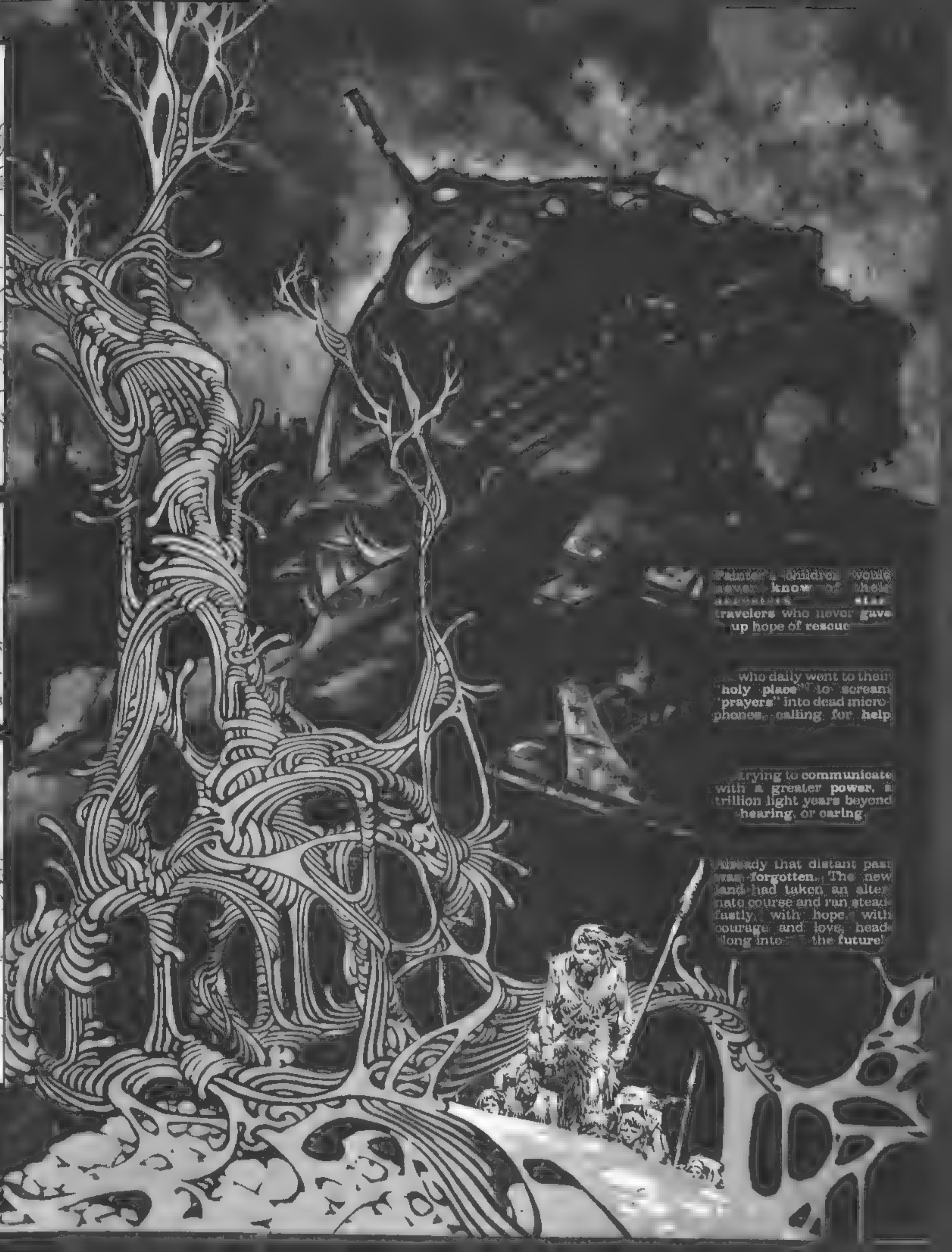
No one remembered how that hapless crew tried to adapt to the environment by living by watching... by imitating the forest.

Painter's children would never know of these ancient travelers who never gave up hope of rescue.

... who daily went to their "holy place" to "scream prayers" into dead microphones, calling for help.

... trying to communicate with a greater power, a trillion light years beyond hearing, or caring.

Already that distant past was forgotten. The new land had taken an alternate course and ran steadily, with hope, with courage and love, heading long into the future!





# HERMA

## All you need is love!

The legend of Herma the Bold began smack dab on top of the world, with the famous Draftstree-Battlesberry expedition of '84.

I say, old sport, have we much farther to go?

Dashed if I could say, old bean! We may be trudging over an entire colony of the beastly little beggars even now!



You may recall that Sir Robert Draftstree-Battlesberry of Her Majesty's Royal Academy of Science, had ventured to the arctic wastes in the hope of studying the sexual life cycles of the elusive Teotl-branchiata Streptoneura, a small but intensely prolific ice clam found only within the Arctic circle.

What the aged professor and his party stumbled upon instead, however, rocked the very pillars of scientific theory.

It doesn't appear we'll find many of the reclusive brutes here. Let's make camp and push on in the morning.



Excellent suggestion, professor. The very idea that we shall soon be lucubrating upon the mating habits of the streptoneura had me veritably smitten with grandiloquent excitement!



I'm more interested in the mating habits of the evasive double-breasted gasterpodo-logist!



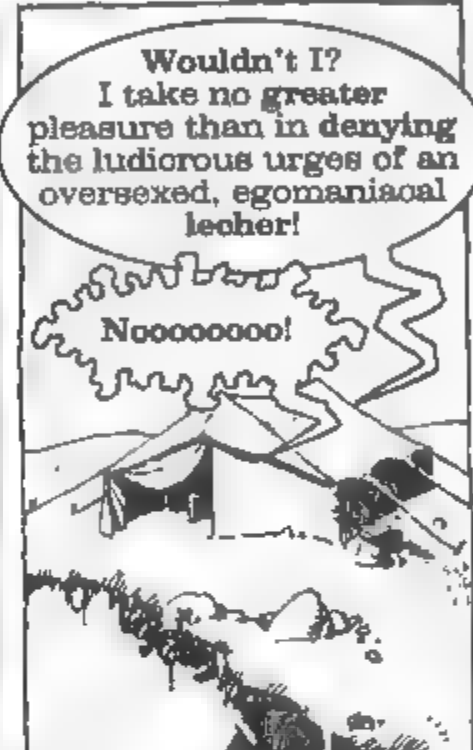
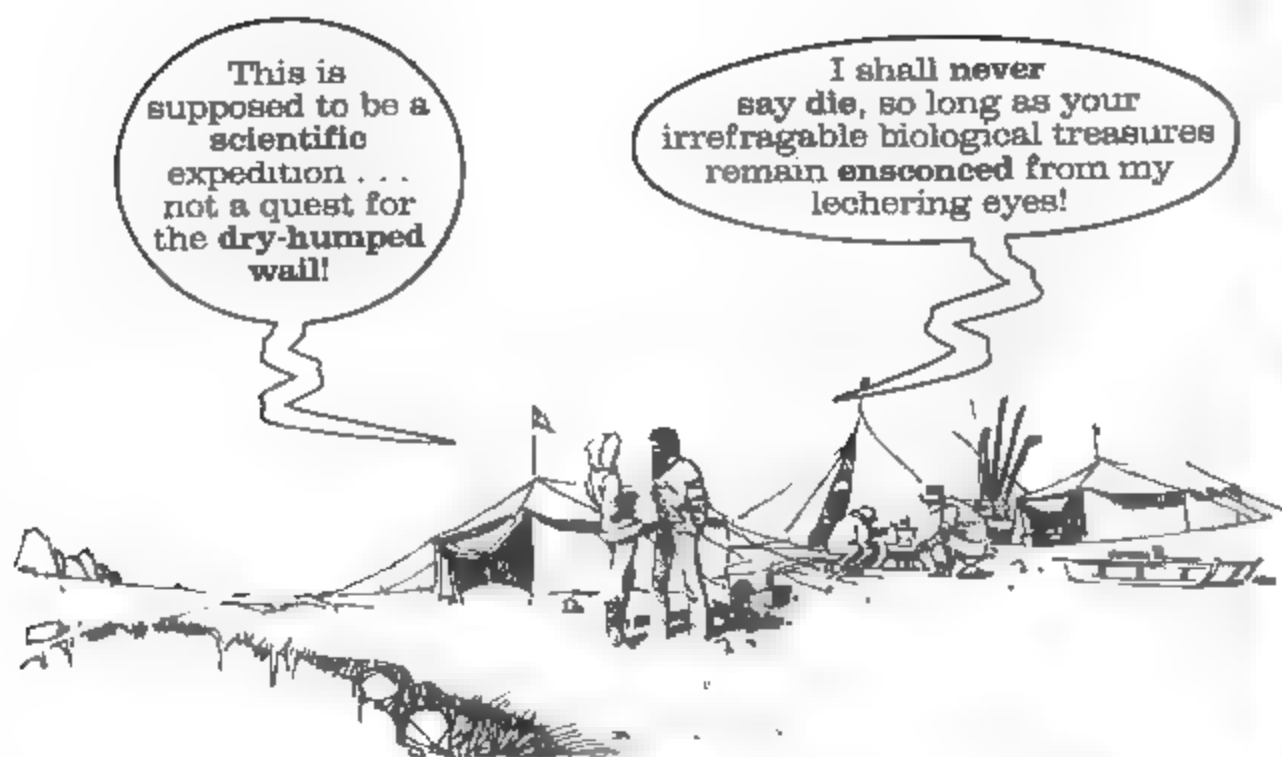
Oh, it's you again: Peter the libidinous boor!

Don't you ever give up? I've told you . . . you are about as appealing to me as a bilaterally castrated trilobite!

Ah, but you, sweet Dr. Cherry Pitts, remind me of my dear departed mother, for whom I harbored an almost unnatural attraction!











Dr. Battlesberry—!  
It . . . it's a woman . . . frozen  
in a solid wall of ice!

But . . .  
but here!? Good  
lord! How?

It isn't simply  
a woman, my child! It  
is a miraculously  
well-preserved Nordic  
relic. . . !

Which, if I may  
brazenly postulate a theory  
based on appearance alone,  
dates from approximately the  
ninth century, A.D.



This could be  
the scientific find  
of the century! Much  
more important than  
the fickle reproduc-  
tive cycle of the  
scrawny Strepto-  
neura!

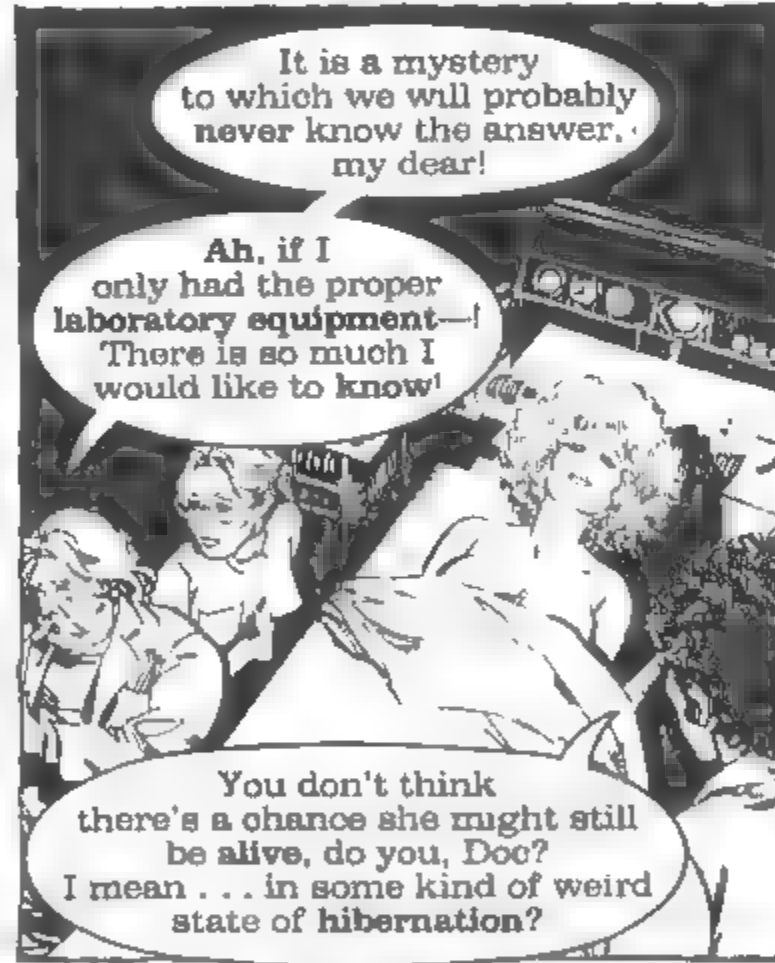
We must  
carefully  
separate this  
specimen from  
its tomb of  
ice!

I say! Isn't  
it dashedly  
chilly running  
about without  
knickers?

Every member of the expedition  
works feverishly, yet with the ut-  
most care, thawing the centuries-  
old ice.

Ah! She is  
physical perfection  
personified! What  
deucedly fortunate  
heathens those  
vikings were!

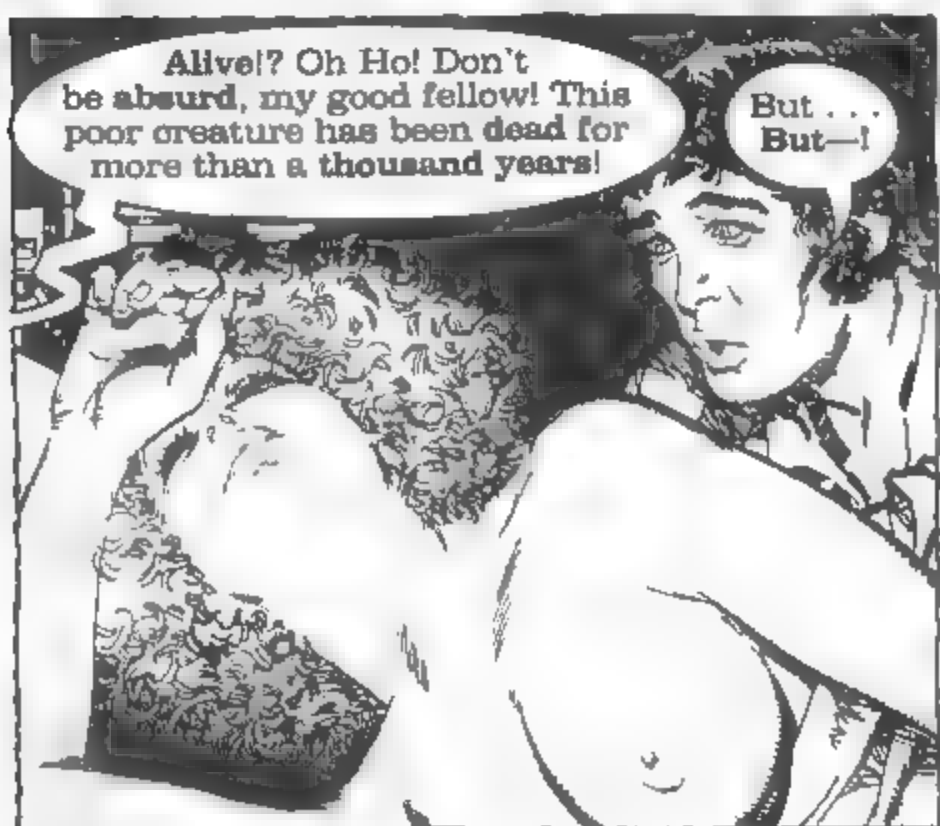
How do  
you think  
she came to  
be this far  
north, pro-  
fessor?



It is a mystery  
to which we will probably  
never know the answer,  
my dear!

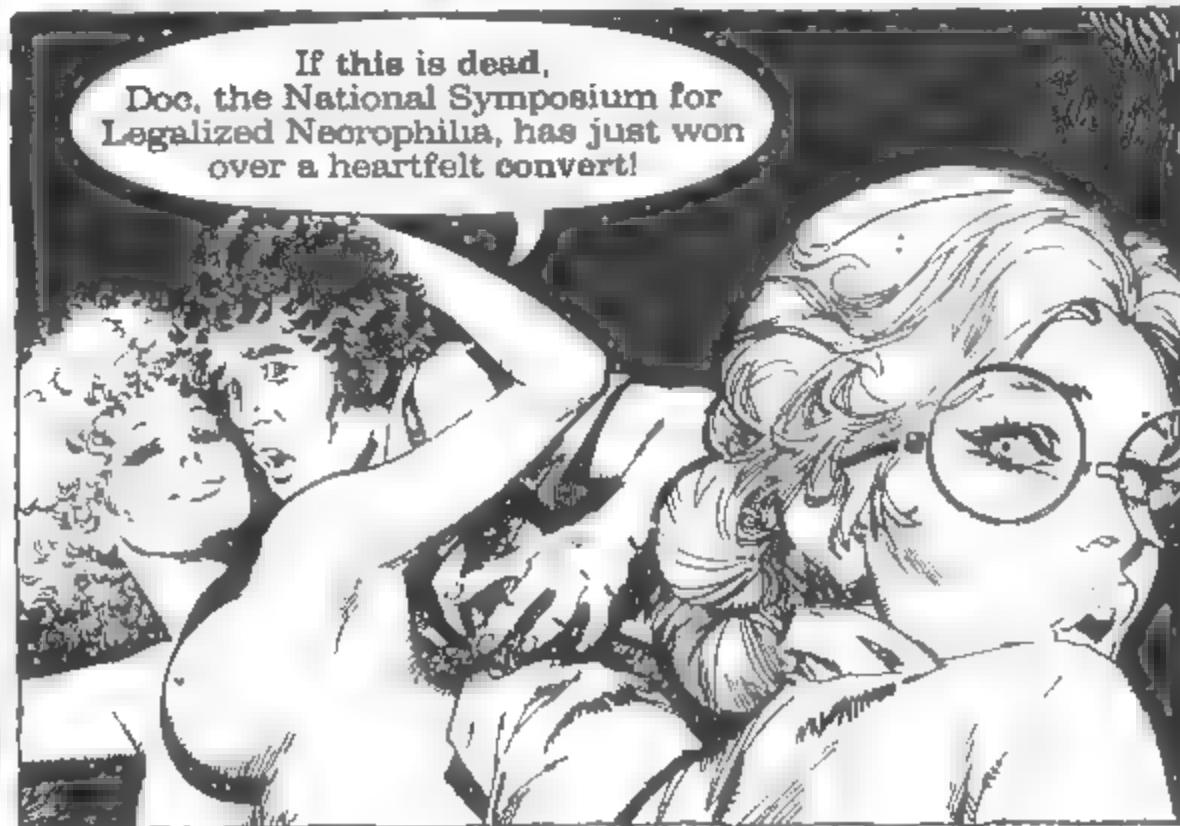
Ah, if I  
only had the proper  
laboratory equipment—!  
There is so much I  
would like to know!

You don't think  
there's a chance she might still  
be alive, do you, Doc?  
I mean . . . in some kind of weird  
state of hibernation?



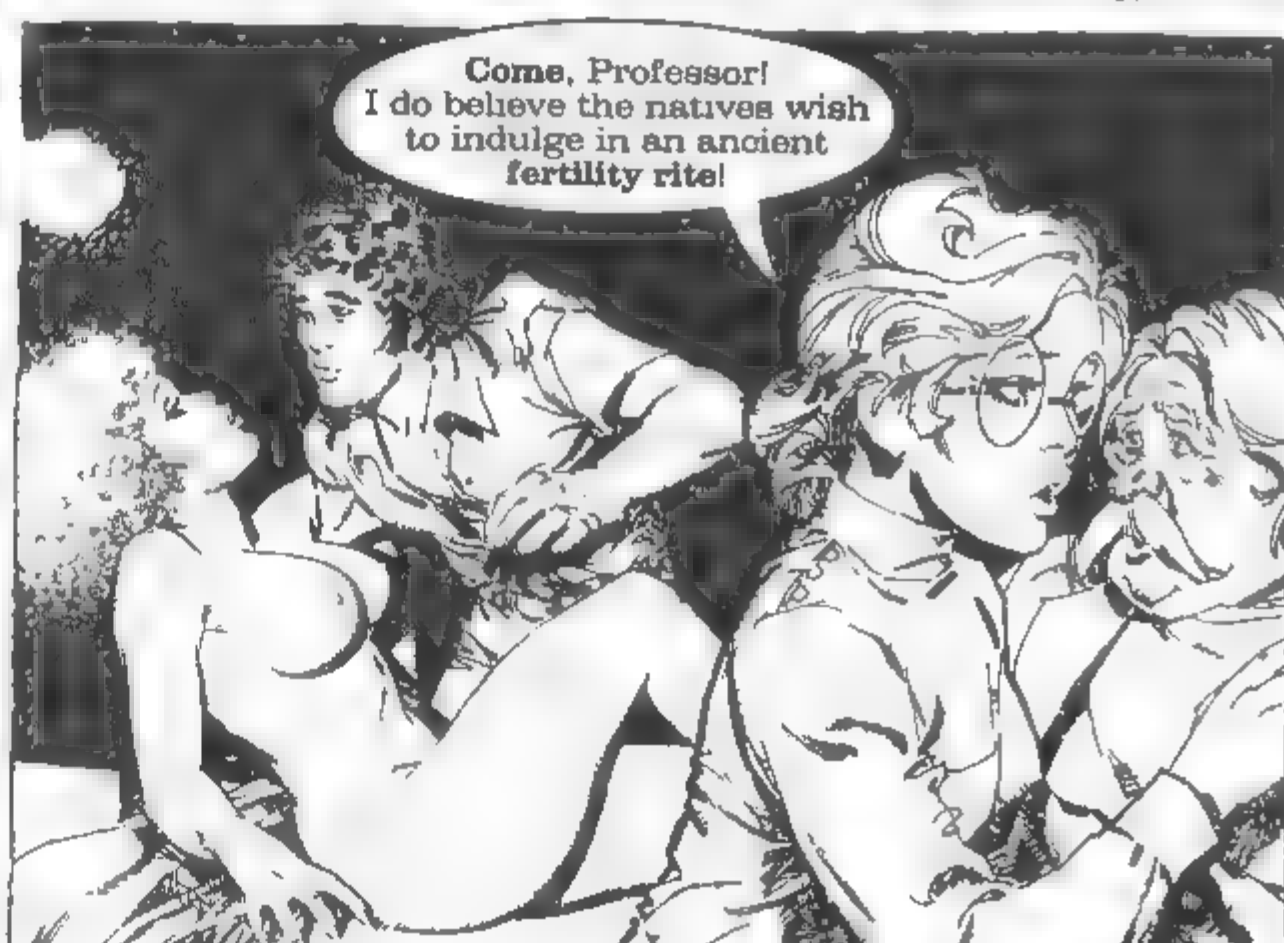
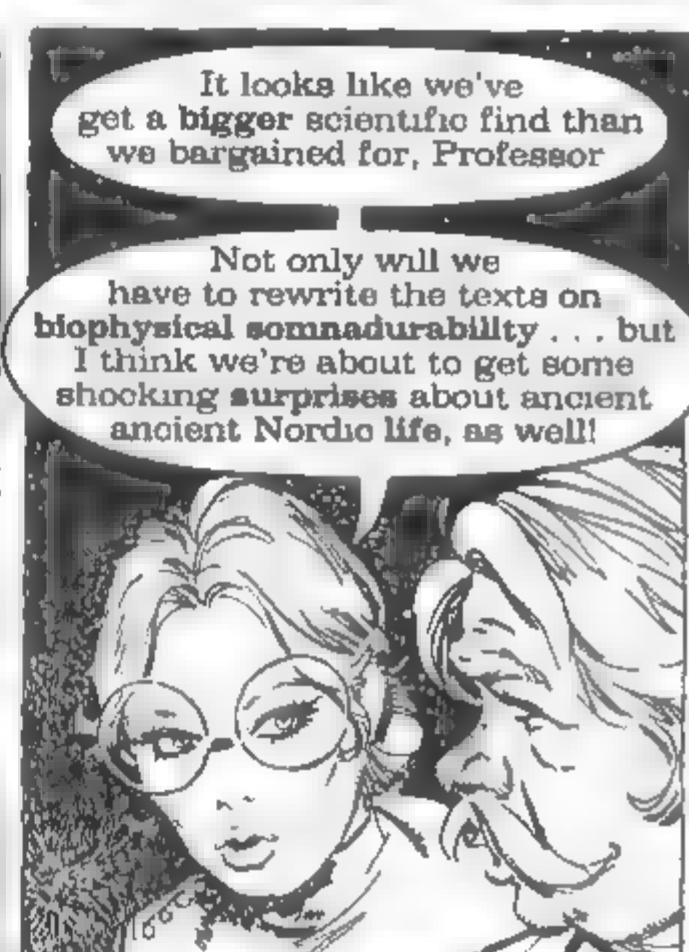
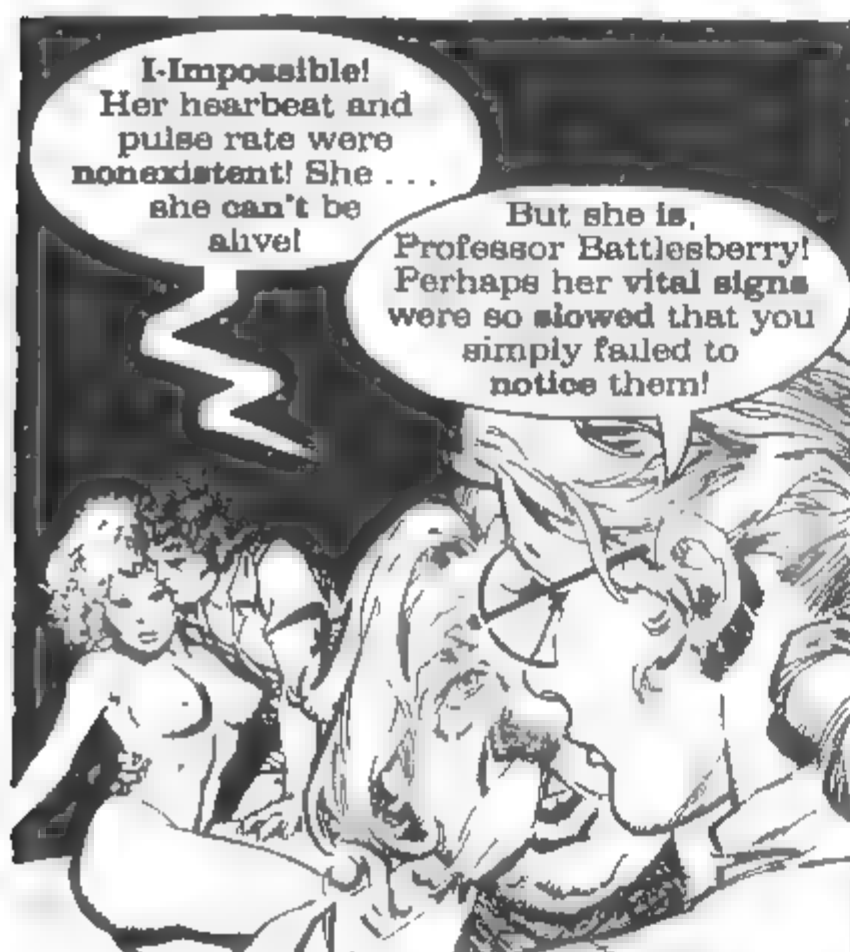
Alive!? Oh Ho! Don't  
be absurd, my good fellow! This  
poor creature has been dead for  
more than a thousand years!

But . . .  
But—!



If this is dead,  
Doc, the National Symposium for  
Legalized Necrophilia, has just won  
over a heartfelt convert!







The trek southwards towards a more civilized world is a long, arduous one. At last, the expedition arrives in London's Victoria Station, only to ascertain that new of their monumental discovery has preceded them by several weeks.

The world is mermerized by your sensational find, Professor. But tell us . . . how could a woman have survived a thousand years encased in a mountain of ice?

The woman's name is Herma, sir! She is picking up our language quite rapidly. And as she does, we are learning ever so much more about her!

It seems she was a member of a long-forgotten tribe of Norse Buddhists . . . for whom it was quite common practice to reduce heart and respiratory rates simply by willing her involuntary bodily functions to do so!

Incredible!

But true!

That night is the first in many months that Dr. Cherry Pitts, Gasteropologist, enjoys the more civilized creature comforts of her secluded home.

Professor—!  
For the last time . . . Herma is fine! She's adapting a lot better to our world than we would to hers!

Yes, Professor . . . I know there's still so much we have to learn about her! Yes, you sweet old dear . . . I'll be careful!

What does Professor Battlesberry think . . . that Herma's going to eat me or something!? She's so sweet . . . so gentle! Not like an uncivilized Viking girl at all!

H-Herma—!  
W-What—!

Today's lesson begins with the basic noun gudgeon. A gudgeon is a socket for a ship's rudder pintle. An example of contemporary usage: A lubricious gudgeon is a sailor's best friend!

A pintle is an upright pivot upon which another part turns. An example: Big pintles work best in the gudgeons of single-screw ships!

A screw is a mechanical device consisting of a continuous helical rib attached to the cylindrical shaft from which it projects!

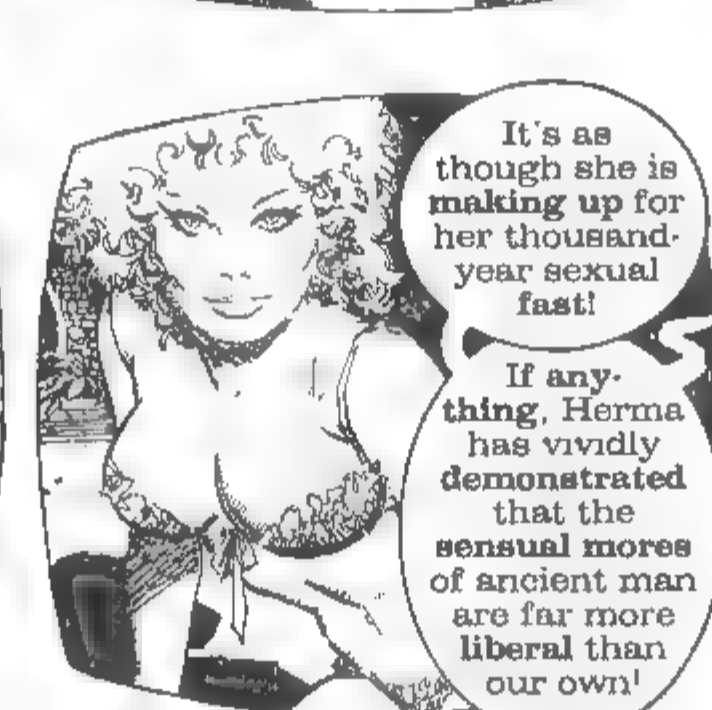
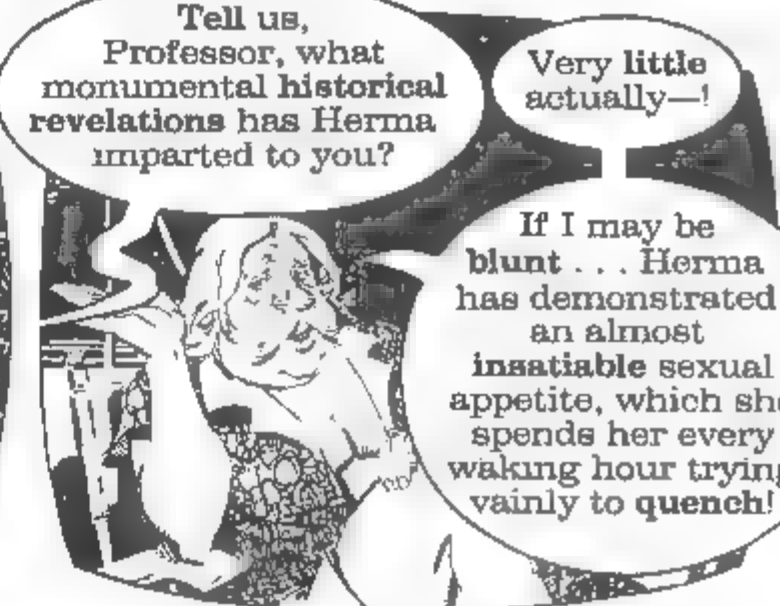
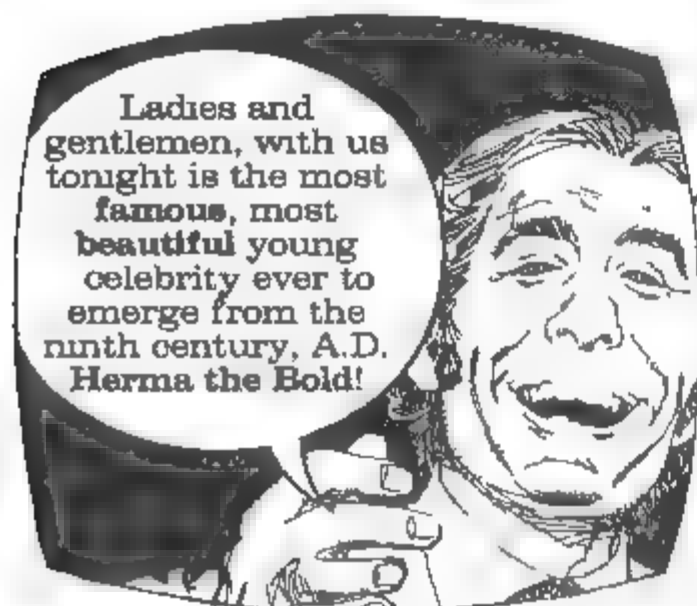
Ohhhhhhh  
... Herma!

Example: Sailors on a single-screw ship may still have multi-scr--!

CLICK!



The weeks pass, spanning into months. Unlike other news stories, which fade from the public view with age, the world remains **abuzz** over the momentous discovery of **Herma**, the girl from another age!





The lush moon bathes the honeyed English countryside in a cool, eerie light. A gentle wind caresses the secluded tudor retreat. The home is dark and silent. But the ominous shadow without knows that the one he seeks is nestled securely within



Radiant from the afterglow of love, Herma and her twentieth-century mentor remain oblivious to the spying eyes which observe their every move

Mmmmmmm!  
That was nice!  
You keep it up  
and I just may  
swear off men  
forever!



Ah—! The exquisite one is at last alone! Allah be praised. What a magnificent form the gods have bequeathed her!



My master will be pleased! The joys of the seven heavens will indeed be beneath him when he climbs into the saddle of this nubian delight!



Mmmmmmmmm!  
Hvor er—?

Forgive this humble servant his beggarly transgressions, my princess!



Had we but a moment more, we could dally to secure your raiments.



Mmmmmmm!  
Who needs clothing? I'm comfortable just like this!





The flight to the shiekdom of Ali Khan Sade, though long and tedious, is remarkably shortened by the inventive and insatiable appetite of the girl from the nine century, A.D.





It skims above the jungle treetops of the planet, searching across the vast blanket of dense rain forest for an opening.

For six weeks the orbiter had monitored the planet, recording and evaluating every event on its surface. Now its monitoring is over; its mission nearly at an end.

At length, the orbiter finds a hole in the jungle canopy, and slowly begins to descend to the surface.

As it goes, a variety of colored lights play along the ground, taking measurements of the area, assuring itself that the firmament will support the weight of the craft.

And then it lands with a hush, hardly stirring up the dirt.

It sits silently for a time, among the trees, then abruptly the door of the ship swings inward, and a ramp rolls down to touch the surface.

And from the craft comes a hand of glistening silver, grasping the railing, pausing a moment at the top of the ramp.

Briefly the Star-Being surveys its surroundings, then ventures forth into the withering jungle.





Elsewhere in the jungle, the Outworlder called Zev hacks vengefully at a long branch with his knife, trimming it to shape.

Placed on this planet as an Observer weeks ago, Zev narrowly avoided being fed to a monster by the missionaries of The Colony, who had fixed the blame for all their troubles on Zev's arrival here. But in escaping the sacrificial ceremony, Zev unwittingly caused the creature to break free as well, throwing the entire colony into mindless panic.

And now Zev must go back, for he has left behind in the colony the sole being on this planet he cares for: the girl Rena, who became lost in all the confusion. Zev knows he has little time left on this planet, yet he will not go before he knows she is safe.

This is Madness, Observer One! We're due to be picked up anytime now! We're going to miss our flight home!

Nobody says you've got to hang around, Snitch. But I'm not leaving before I find Rena—no matter what.

With you or without you, I'm going back to the Colony.

But before this day is out, Zev will learn many truths—including the astonishing truth about himself and the dire experiment in which he plays a crucial part.

# twilight's end





You don't grasp it, do you? I ran out on Rena—left her and the other colonists to fend off that monster alone.

If I hadn't been so concerned with keeping my own skin intact, Rena would be all right now. I have to go back.

But Zev—the ship! We may have to leave you behind!

Screw off, will ya? I'm busy.



Wait up! Not so fast! I'm getting all caught up!



No! There is great danger there! Don't go without me!

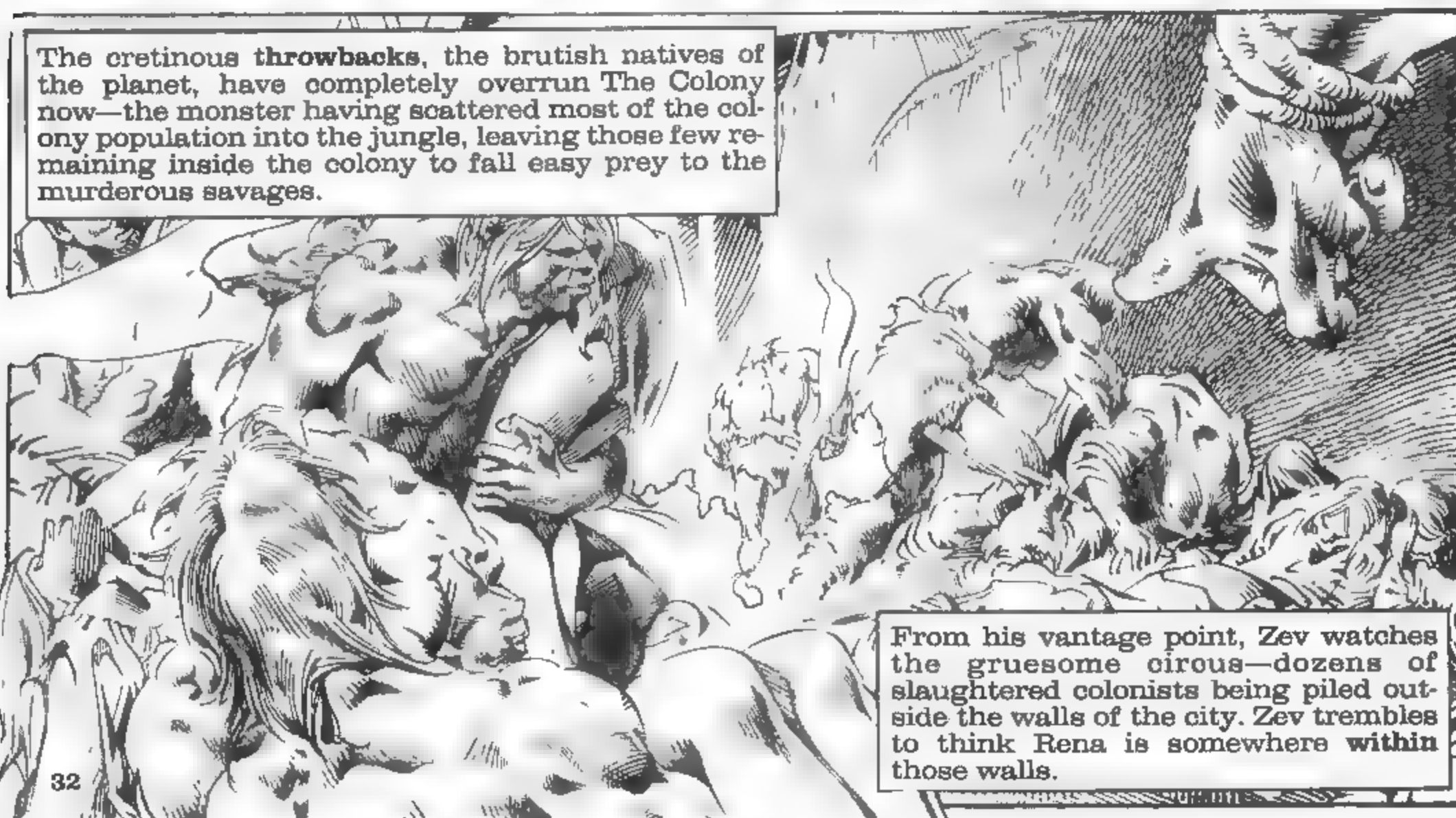
Observer One!—Zev! COME BACK.

Oh damn.



Later on a rise overlooking The Colony, Zev grimly observes the activity below—a sudden sense of helplessness overcoming him.

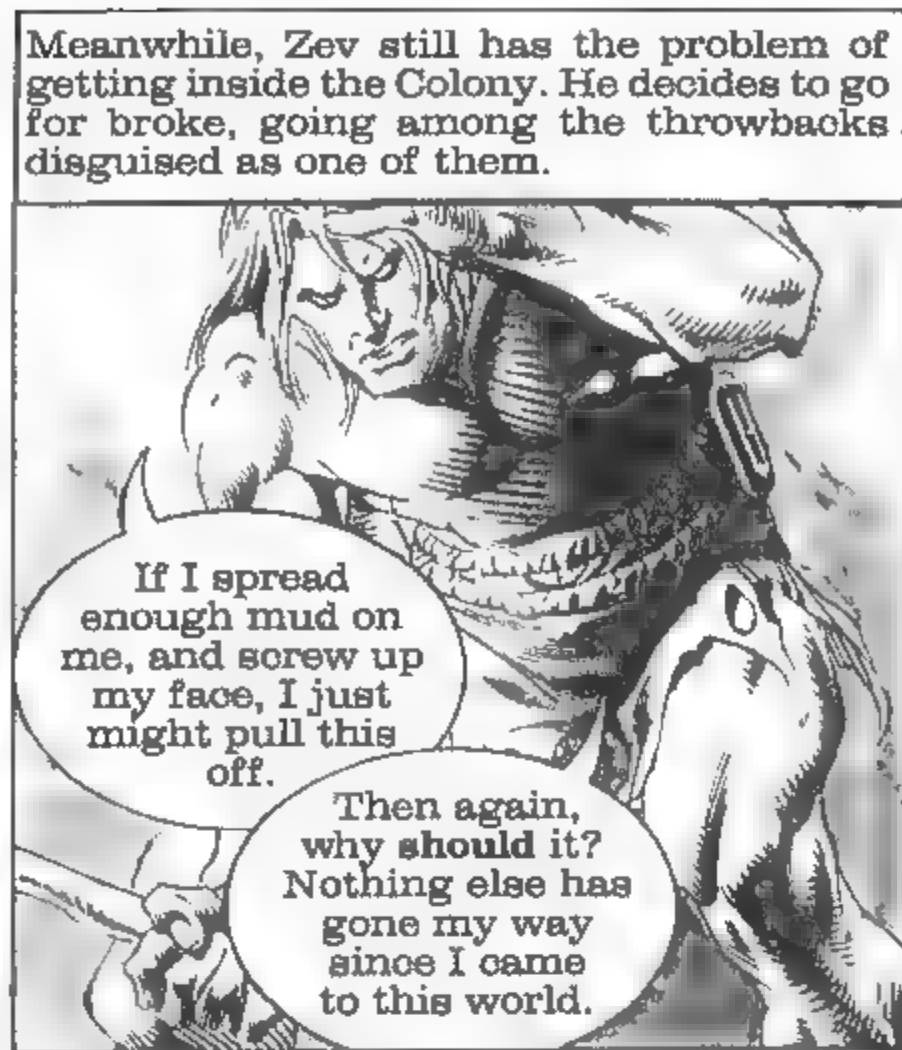
There, to his horror, he sees the terrible end of the once-flourishing colony. The center of all wisdom and enlightenment on the face of the planet.



The cretinous throwbacks, the brutish natives of the planet, have completely overrun The Colony now—the monster having scattered most of the colony population into the jungle, leaving those few remaining inside the colony to fall easy prey to the murderous savages.

From his vantage point, Zev watches the gruesome circus—dozens of slaughtered colonists being piled outside the walls of the city. Zev trembles to think Rena is somewhere within those walls.





To Zev's surprise, the scheme works flawlessly. Putting on his ugliest possible expression, with a passable knuck-dragging hunch to his walk, Zev moves past the ghoulish throwbacks outside the gate, unnoticed by any of them.





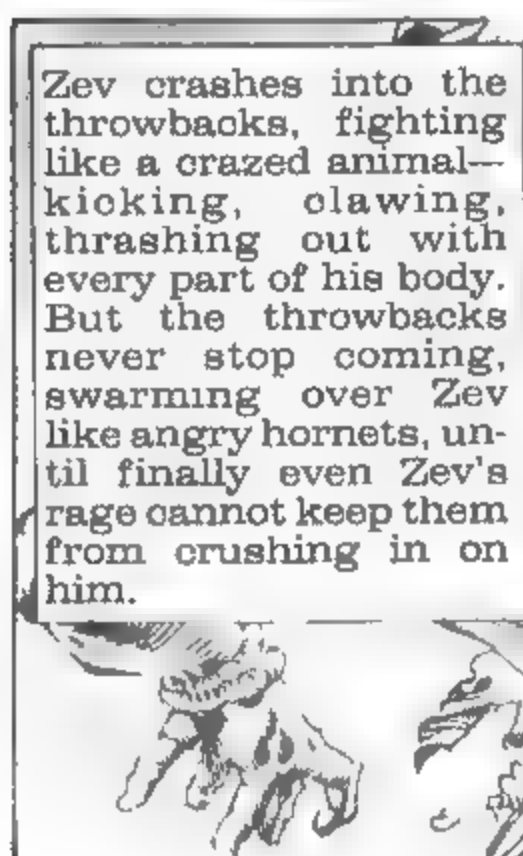


Eyenga!  
Tebooko un  
**BUNGA!**



**RENA!**  
You bloody  
maniacs!!

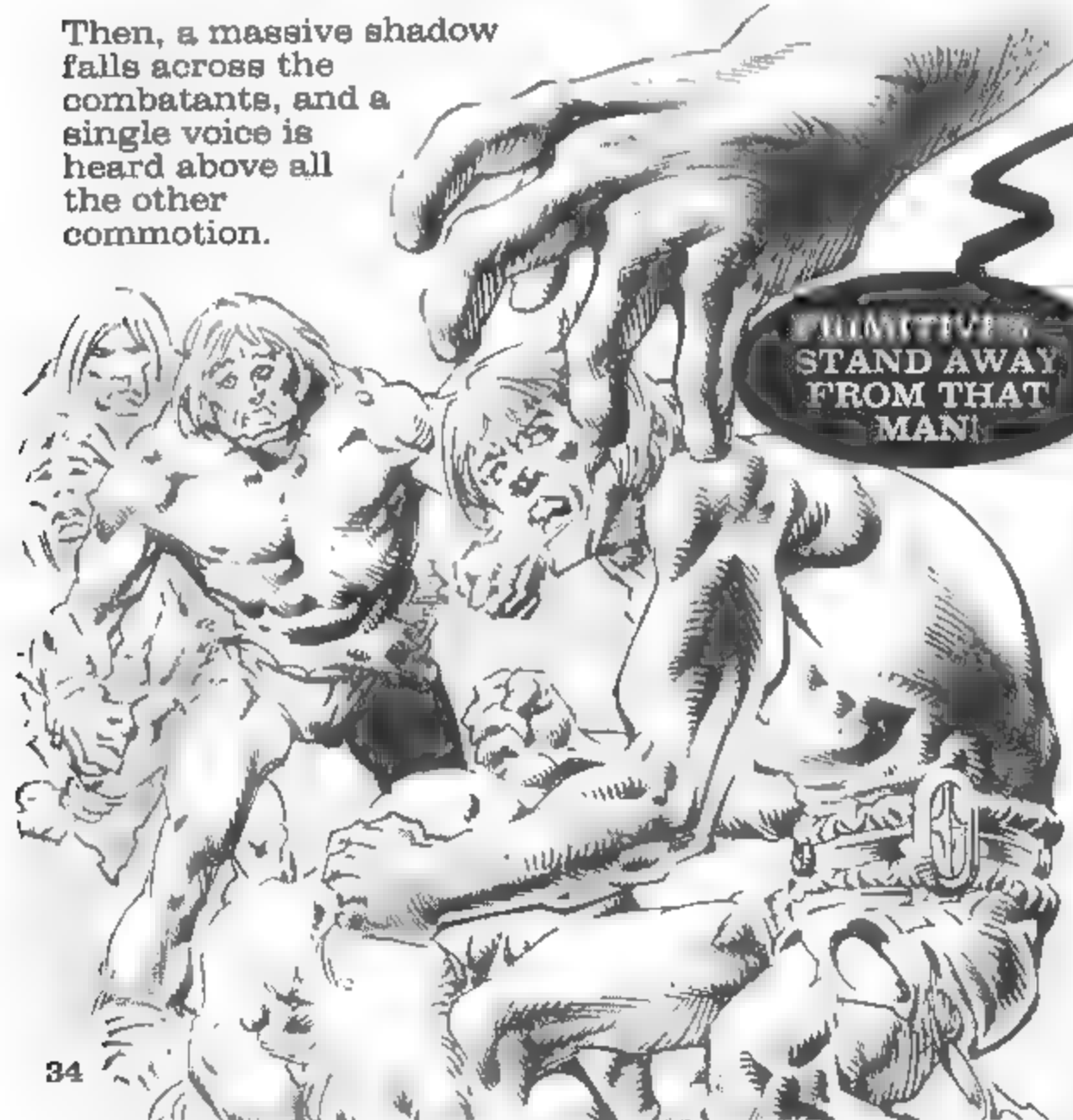
The slaughter  
only now  
beings!!



Zev crashes into the throwbacks, fighting like a crazed animal—kicking, clawing, thrashing out with every part of his body. But the throwbacks never stop coming, swarming over Zev like angry hornets, until finally even Zev's rage cannot keep them from crushing in on him.



Then, a massive shadow falls across the combatants, and a single voice is heard above all the other commotion.



**PRIMITIVE!  
STAND AWAY  
FROM THAT  
MAN!**



**STAND AWAY  
I tell you!  
LEAVE THIS PLACE!!**



And all at once the throwbacks run off, terrified by the massive silver being, and the snitch-scope helps to rout them out the gate with some well-placed ray blasts right behind them.

Scram!  
Beat it! Didn't  
you drudges hear the  
man? **CLEAN  
OUT!!**

Rena . . . !  
Damn my soul for  
not coming sooner.  
I've killed you as  
surely as the  
goon who out  
you down . . .

You must not  
blame yourself for  
what has happened  
here, Observer One.  
You did all that  
you could.

Observ—!?  
Then you know  
who I am.

You would have  
great difficulty  
conceiving of my true  
form, but I am your  
brother, **RAMM-dene**.

R-RAMM-dene!  
Why . . . that's  
my name! My lord,  
it's beginning to  
come back  
to me!

I am a  
traveler. Like you, an  
Observer. This space  
shell you see, I use for  
traveling the immense  
distances between the  
galaxies.



Your mission here was a ruse. RAMM-dene. We placed you here. We altered your memory patterns gave you this body of flesh and changed your identity.

You are now a 21st Century Human Male, functioning in a vital experiment you voluntarily submitted to. Do you remember RAMM-dene?

I have been observing your actions from the orbiter for six weeks.

You have proven a remarkable ability to survive on this primitive world. You've done well, brother.

It's ... so ... hard!

Survive!? Is this survival!?

You tell me you were watching us—could have pulled us out at anytime, maybe saved the girl—!

And you didn't do it!?

The girl is not beyond restoration. Bring her back if you like.

Wha-a—??

Go ahead. You know what to do.

Then, slowly, gently, Zev lifts the girl's head, placing the palm of his hand over the girl's eyes. He goes about this as if he had done this before, but hesitantly, as if trying to recall the steps.

Awake, pretty Rena. You breathe life again.

Zev ...!

Oh dear lord ... Rena!

Zev ... the throwbacks ... they were trying to kill me, and you were so far away ...

Ain't that just like me? Waiting til the last possible second to rescue you ...?

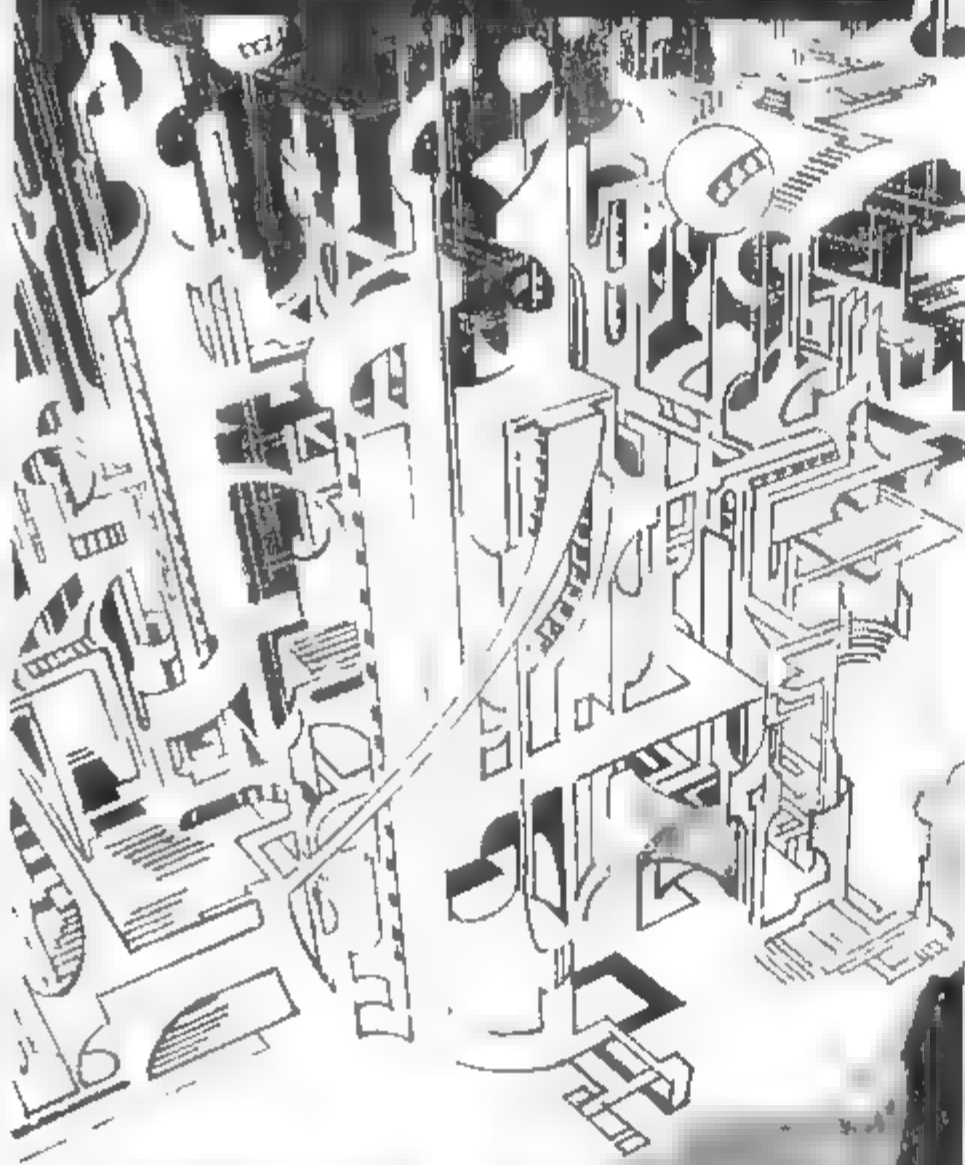




You are RAMM-dene, one of a super-race of beings a billion years more advanced than your present state. You have embarked on one of a thousand critical experiments continuing throughout the cosmos in an attempt to save your race from annihilation.



We and our kind belong to the Vanguard, the sprawling paradise empire finally achieved by Mankind after a billion years of struggling.



"No race of being in the Universe is as advanced as ours. A nearly perfect state of mind and matter, devoted solely to the pursuit of knowledge and to the betterment of all life-forms everywhere."

Eventually we began to change the fabric of space itself, creating worlds where once there was nothing. We are the creators of this world—and all life on it—but for the missionaries, of course, who settled here from another world centuries ago.



And here we sent you, RAMM-dene, as a final desperate measure to save us from the Dark Force.





But what force in the Universe . . . could possibly threaten us?

Five centuries ago, we confirmed beyond any doubt the existence of a Supreme Being: the Original Entity . . . the Old One Himself.

We dared to perform god-like acts, but the Old One is not mortal!

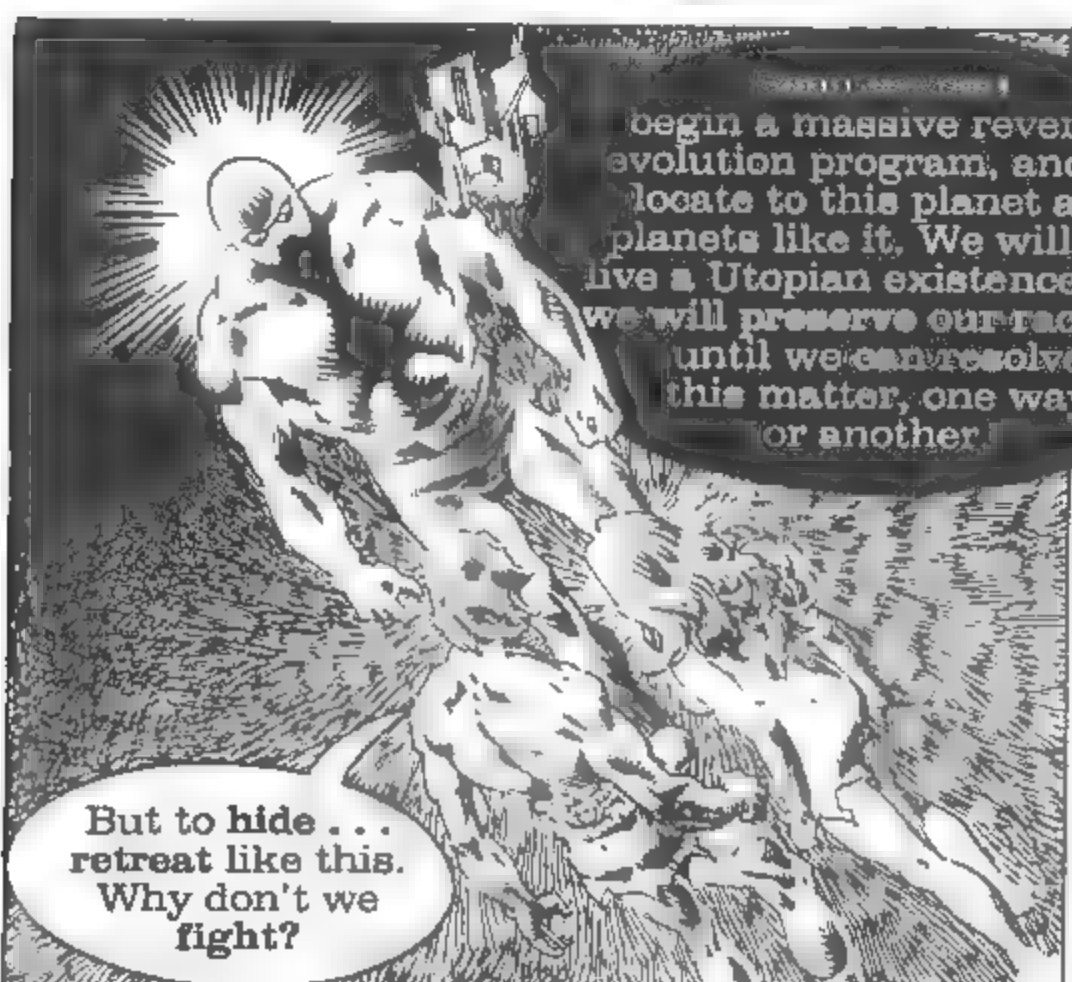
We learned too late that we had evolved too far and that the Old One will not stand for rivals!

At first our attempts to communicate with Him directly were ignored, but in time He revealed Himself . . . only to express His enormous displeasure with us.

Thus your mission here, RAMM-dene. Can one of our race come back down the evolutionary ladder, yet hopefully retain some part of our advanced culture?

And now His hand moves across the face of the Universe, destroying every vestige of our race. He will obliterate us . . . we have no defense against Him. All we can do is hide.

You proved that we could, and as your memory heals from the shock of transformation, you will understand the success of your mission here. You have the gratitude of your entire race, RAMM-dene.



But to hide . . . retreat like this. Why don't we fight?

We begin a massive reverse evolution program, and relocate to this planet and planets like it. We will not live a Utopian existence, but we will preserve our race until we can resolve this matter, one way or another!



We did everything we did.



The resulting clash was one of inconceivable violence, shattering the stars, causing the Galaxy itself to shudder in its quake, but even then we began to see this was far from the full weight of His fury.

And then the Dark Force came, and with it hurricanes of million-mile-an-hour winds, blasting to atoms great areas of the Vanguard. Here, and areas like it, was the result of our confrontation with the Entity. Decimation, annihilation—effortlessly dealt out by the Old One.

Yes . . . yes, I'm remembering it . . .

But why does He hate us so? Why must we be destroyed?

Love, hate . . . they are meaningless to such a being. He does what He does.

But like the animal which eats its young when they grow too large, so too will the Old One devour us.

But what of our accomplishments? What have we spent the last billion years trying to achieve??

It never was important. There never was a master plan.

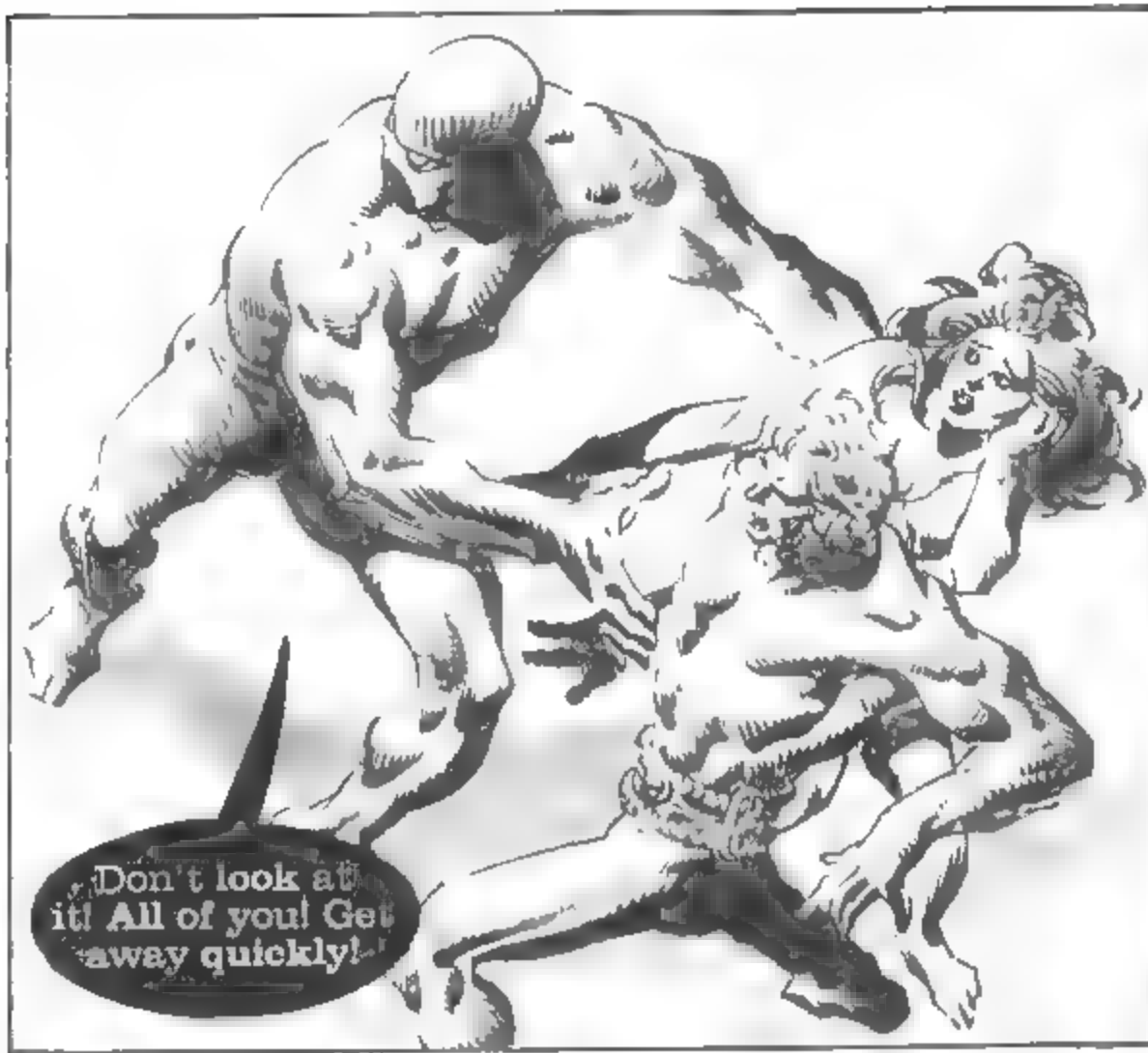
But to casually send all Mankind to its ruin . . .! Such an odious end . . . such a humiliating end . . .!

How can—

That light—what . . .?

TOO LATE! TOO LATE! We are FOUND!!









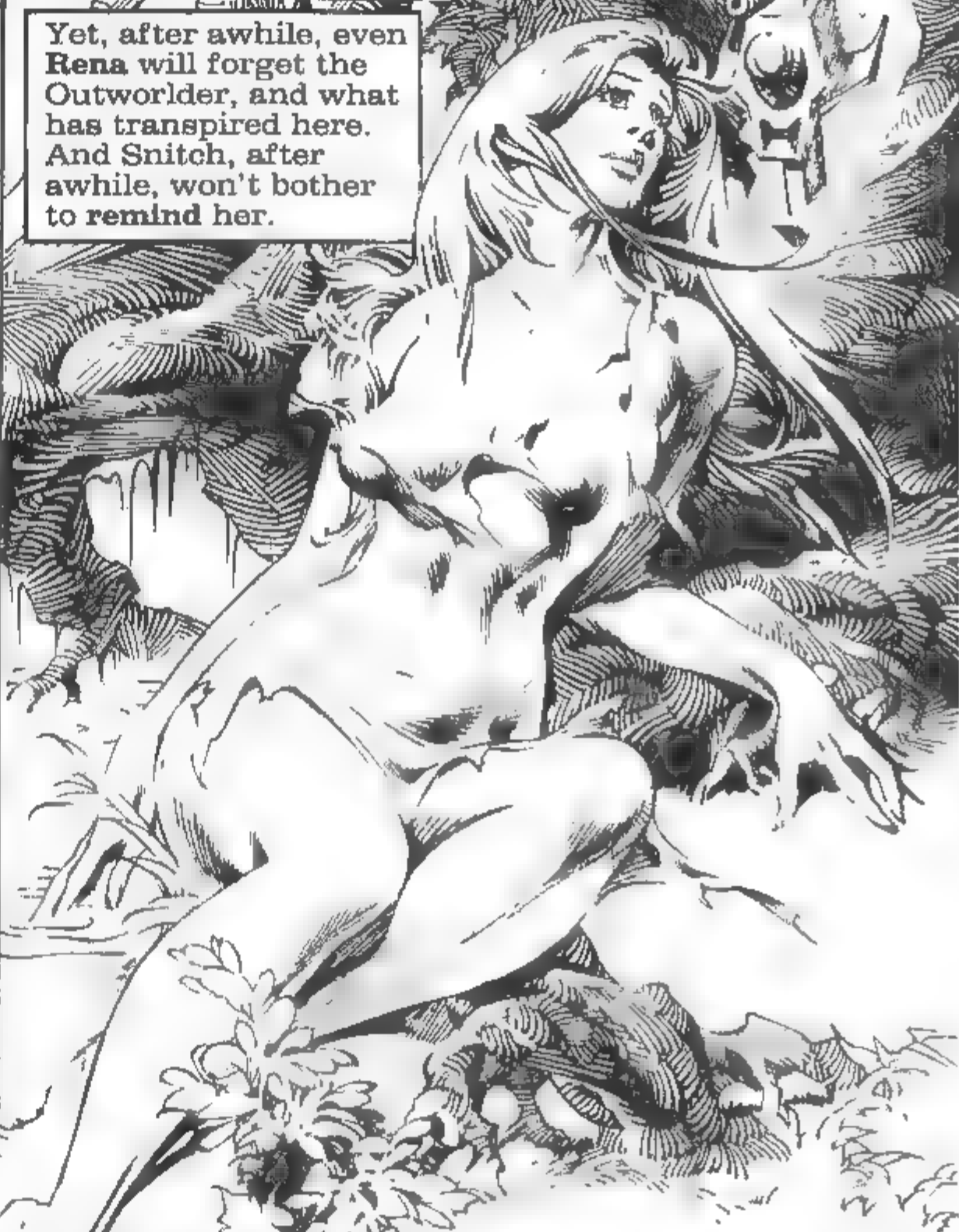


Days after the incident, the jungle is at peace again with the forces of Nature. Beautiful, pastoral, utterly tranquil, the jungle has absorbed every clue of what has happened here.

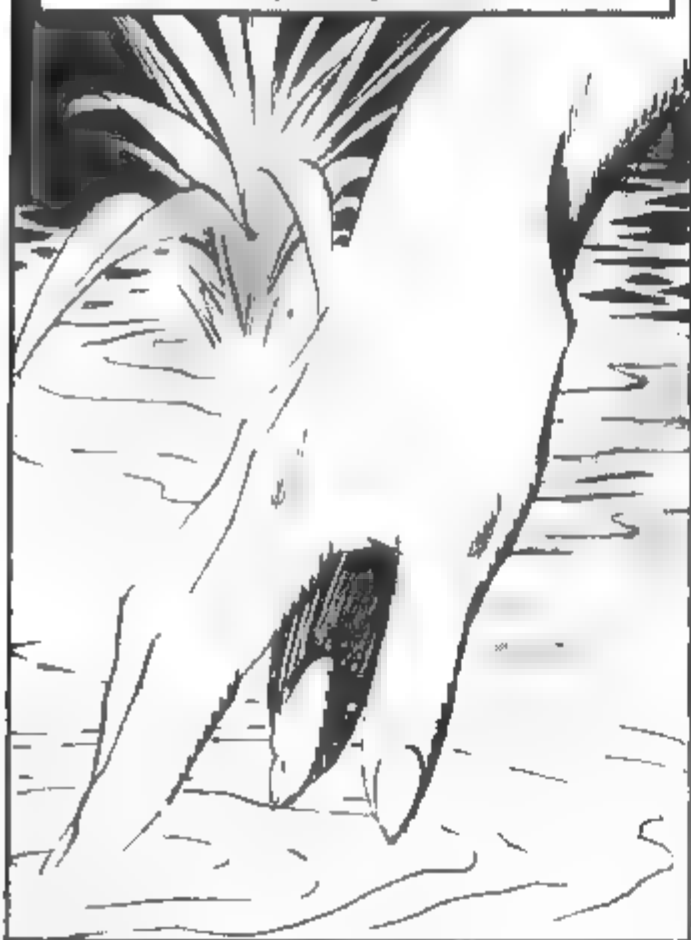


Gradually, Rena too grows accustomed to the peace. But her mind is still on Zev, and will be for months to come.

Yet, after awhile, even Rena will forget the Outworlder, and what has transpired here. And Snitch, after awhile, won't bother to remind her.



And here is all that is left of the late, great **Human Race**. But do not lament its passing just yet.



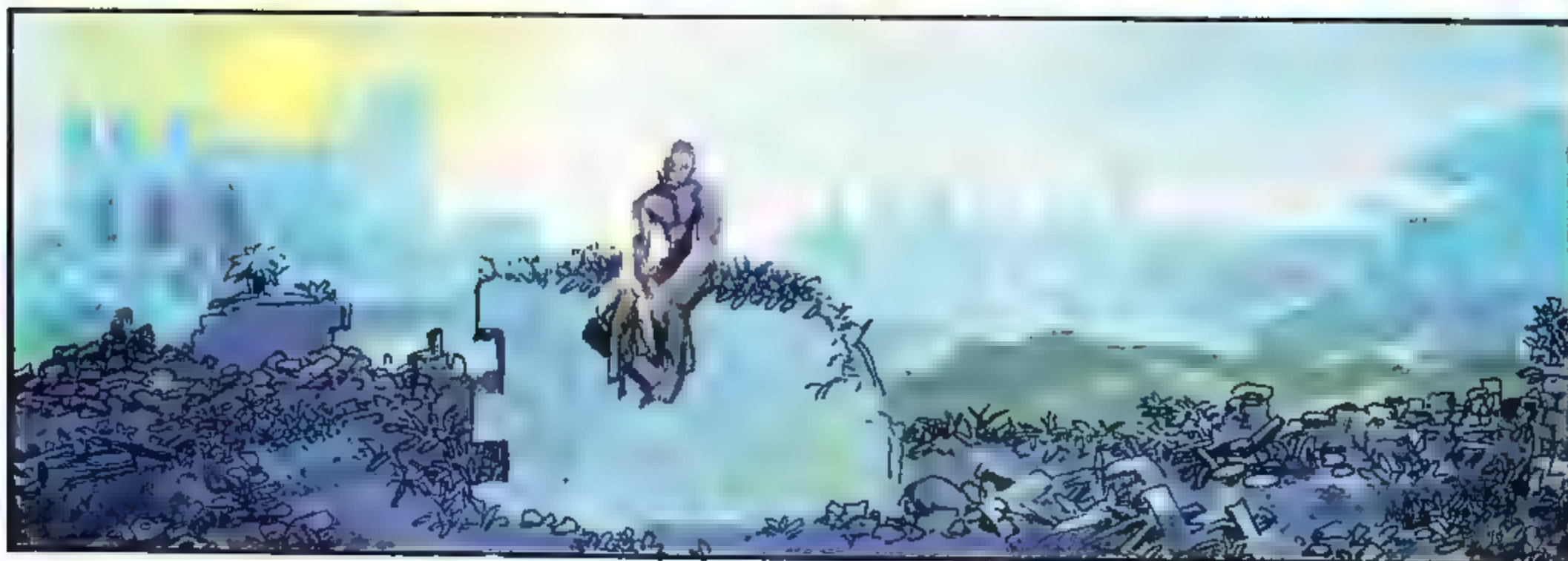
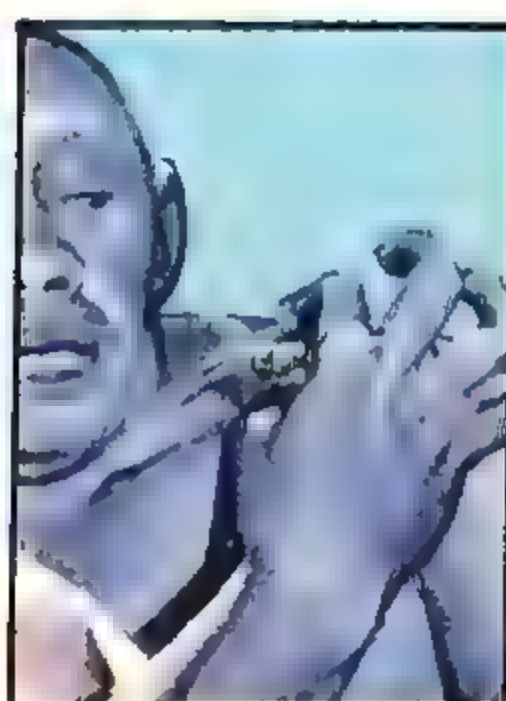
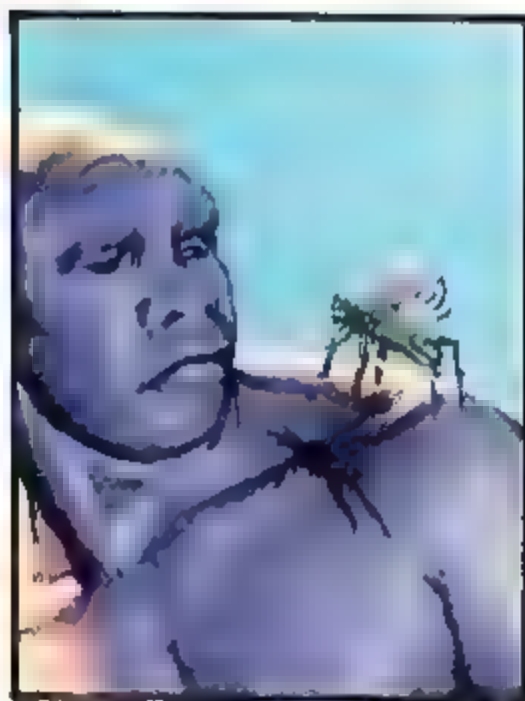
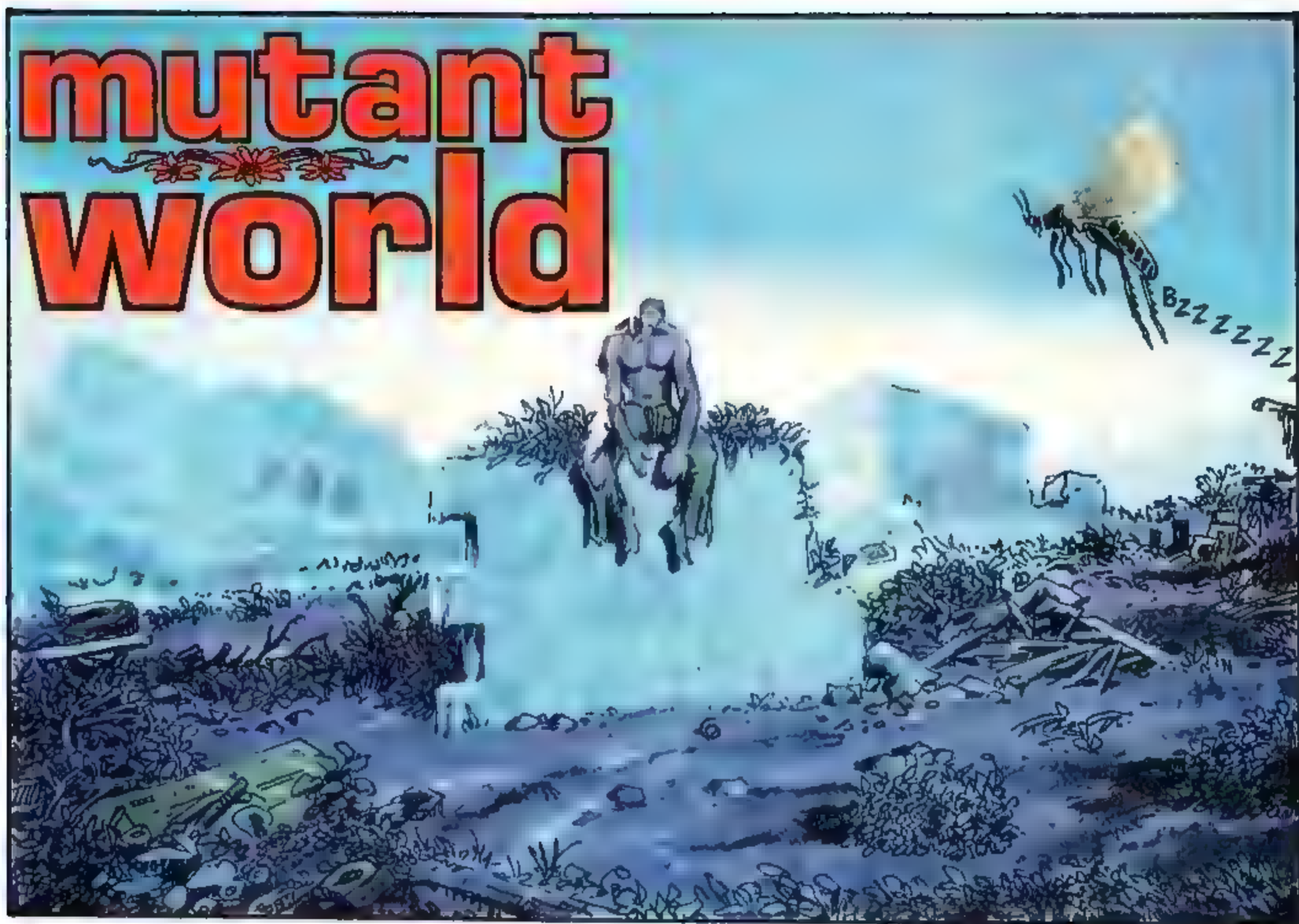
A billion years from now they'll get **another** chance to outfox the Judge Of Us All, when they'll hopefully be more **successful**.



But for now, the human race must endure a terrible revenge, for the Almighty Creator is truly a jealous god.

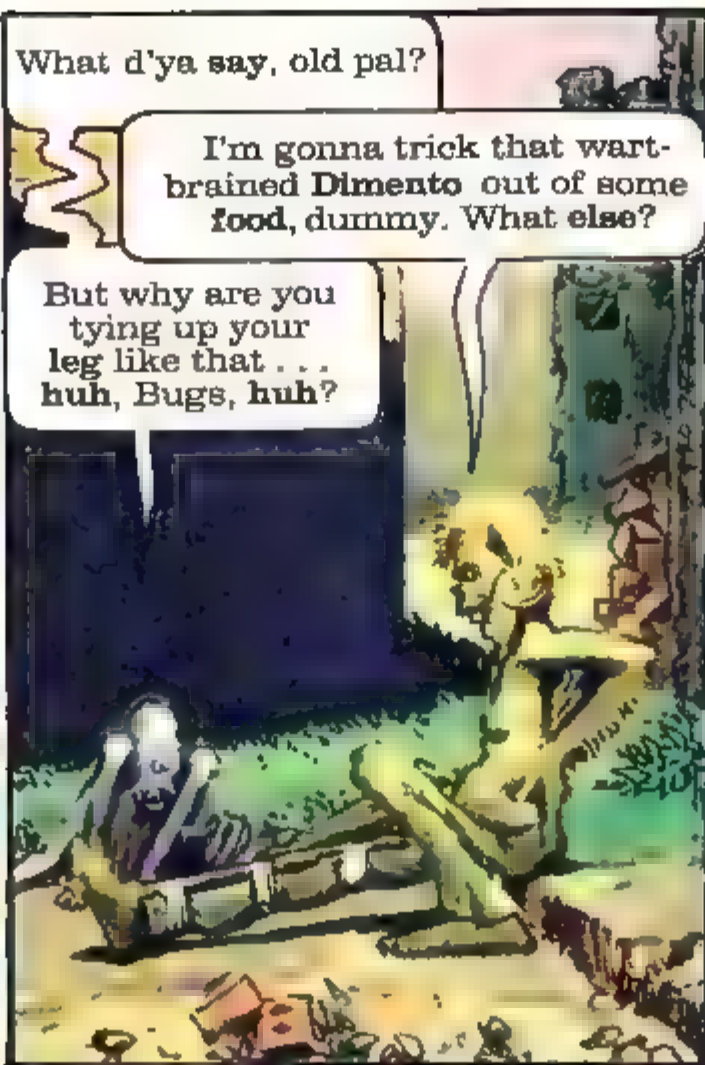


# mutant world

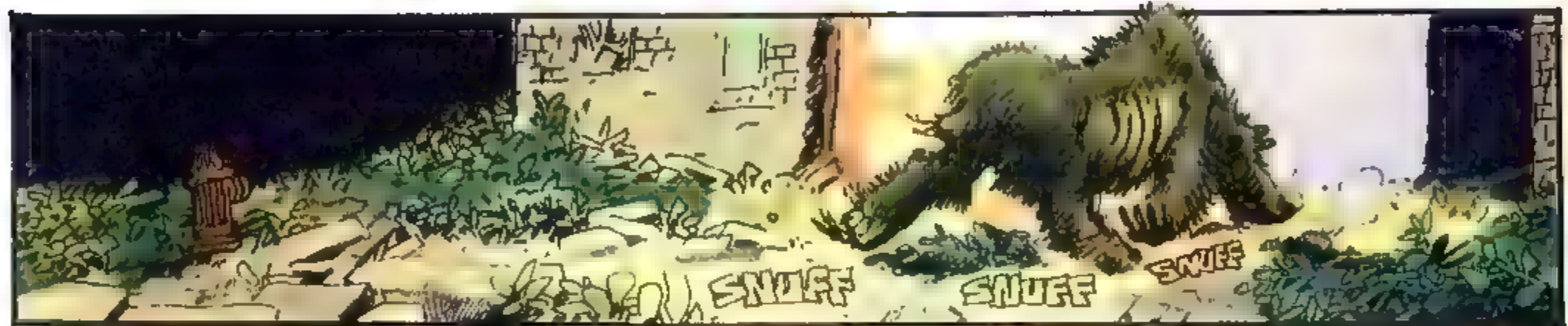


Author: JAN STERNAD/Illustrator: RICH CORBEN

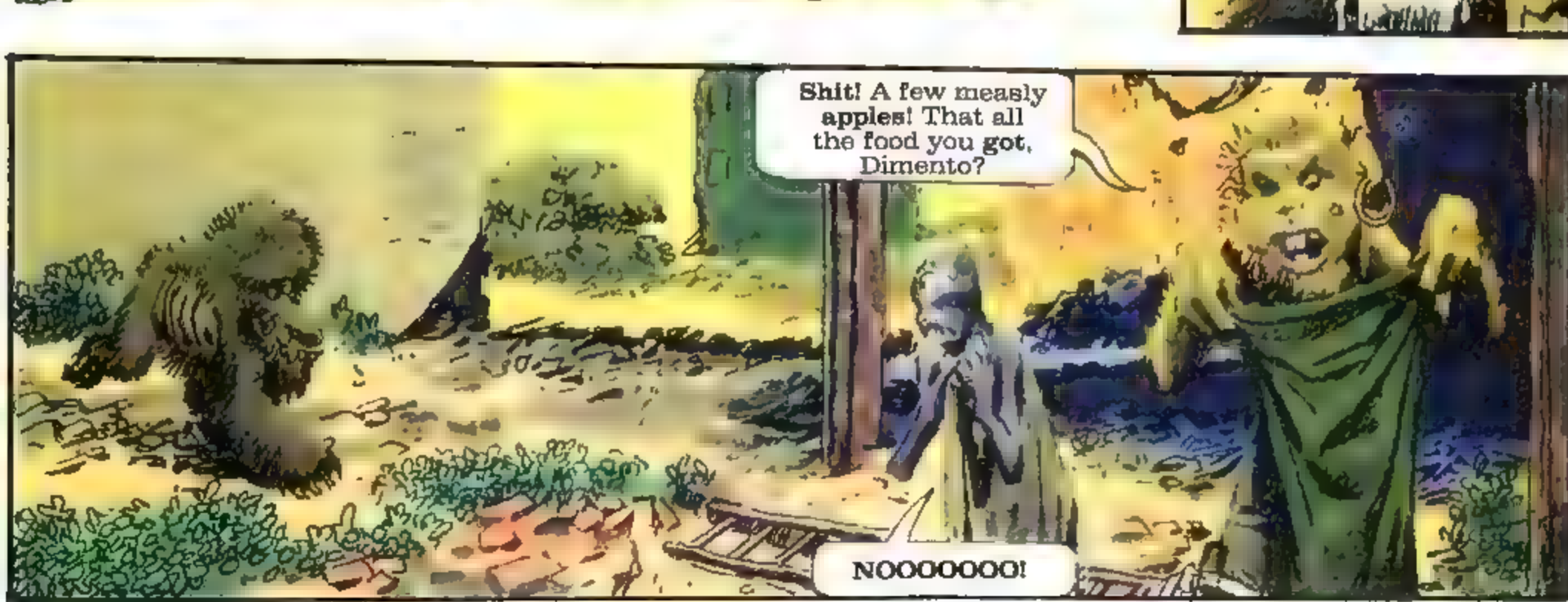
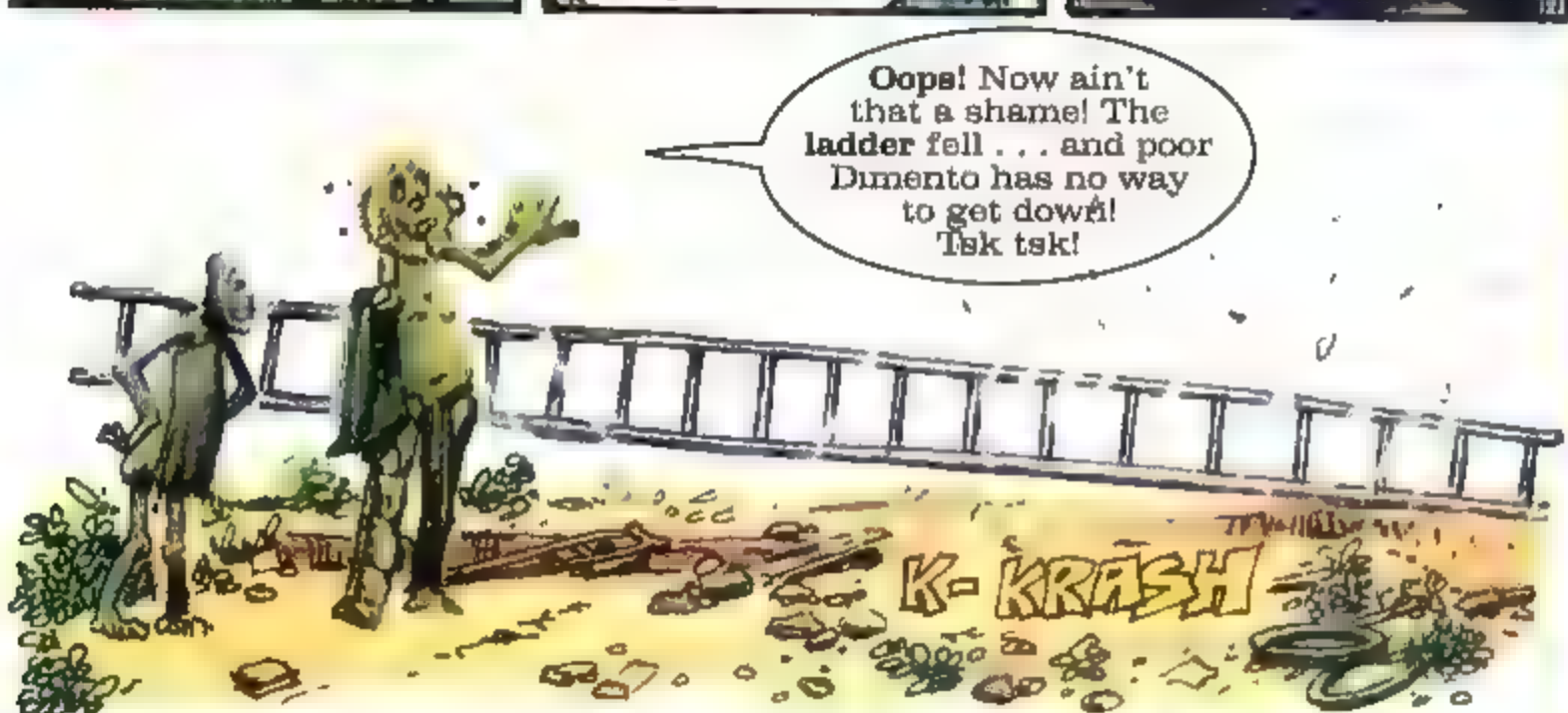
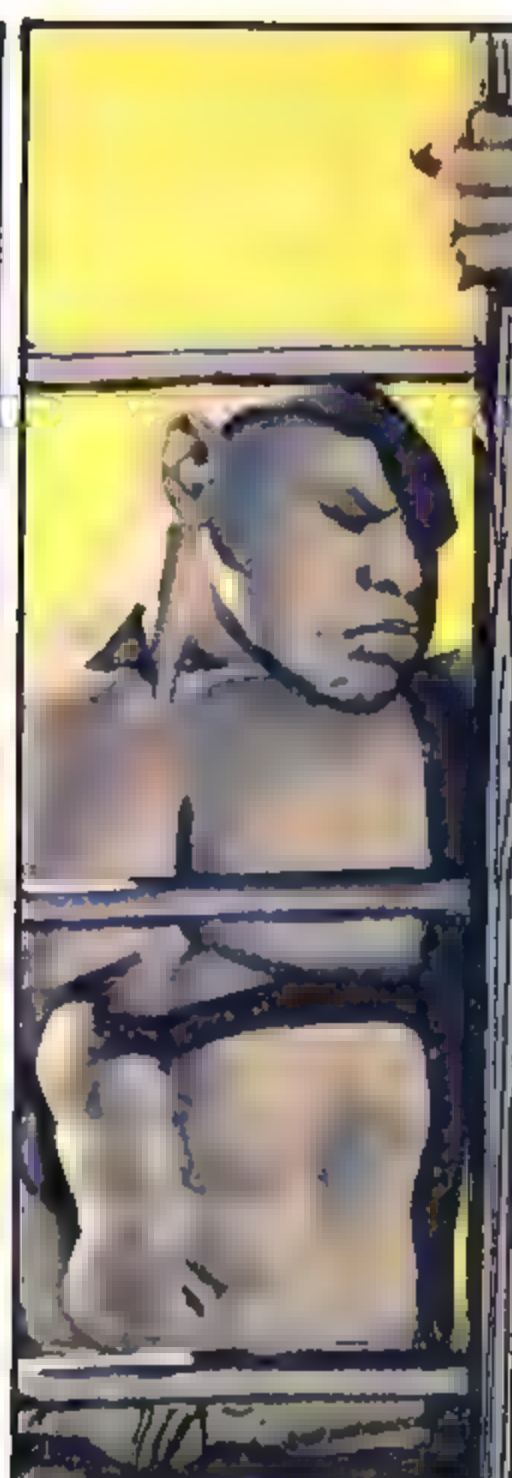




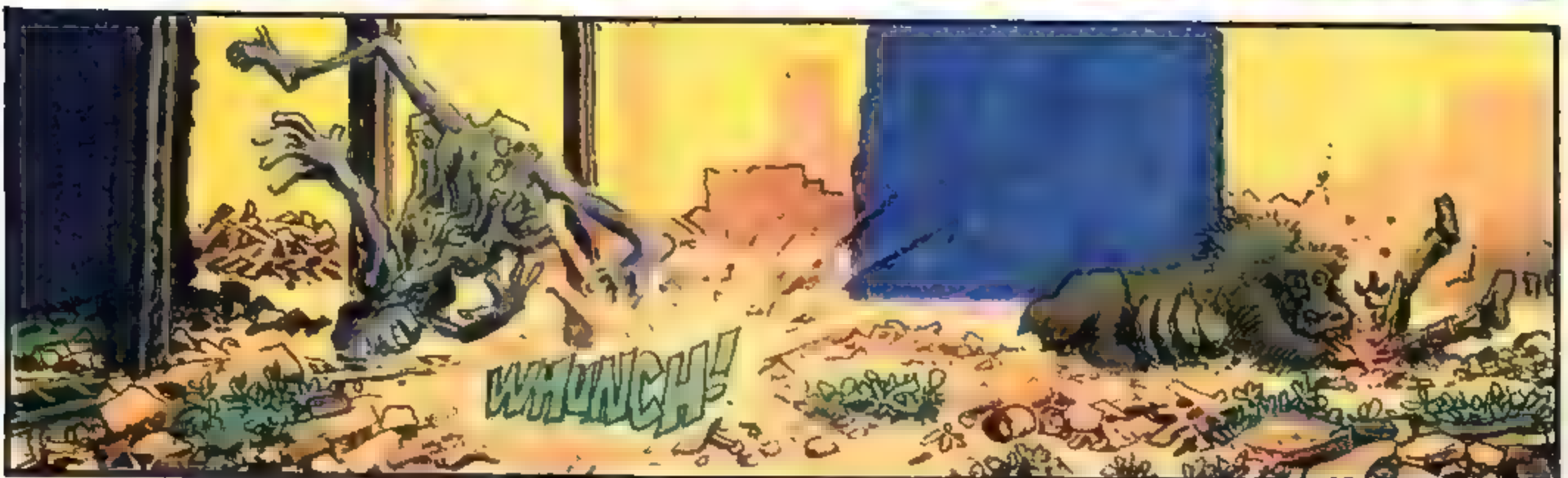
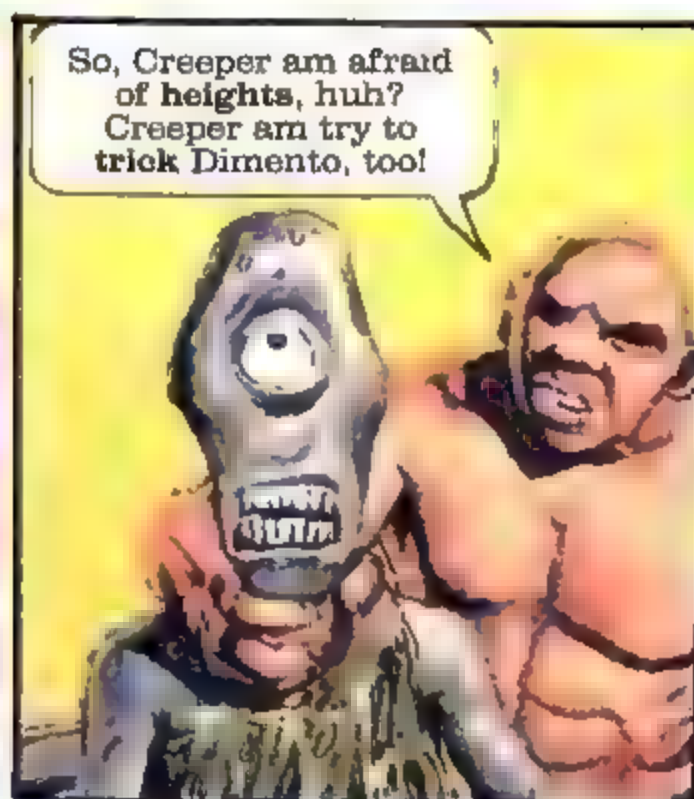
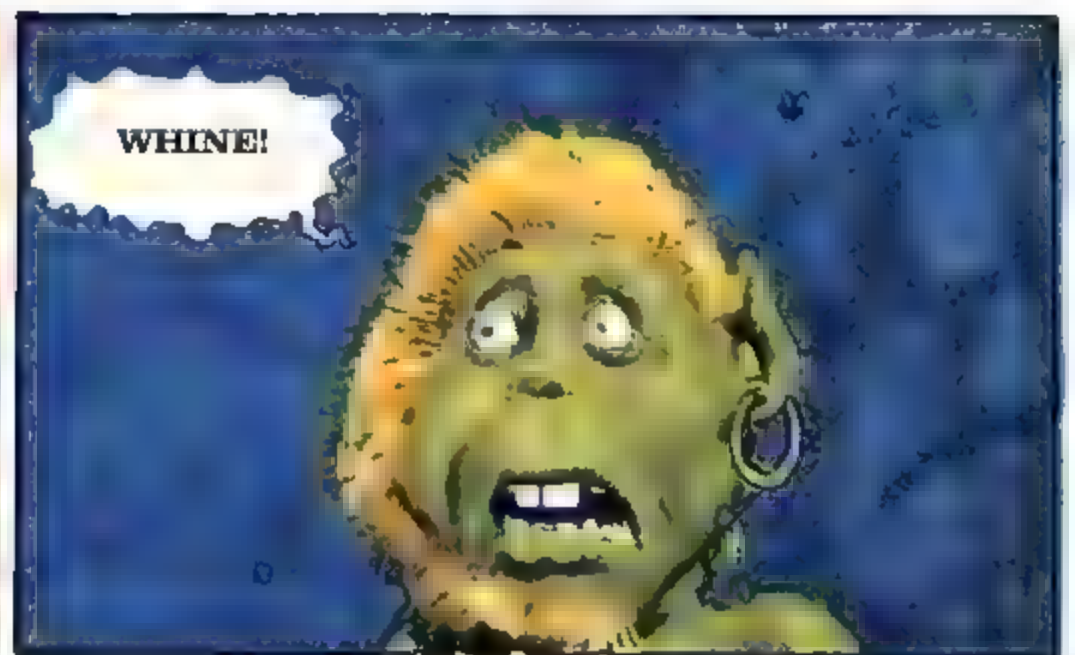
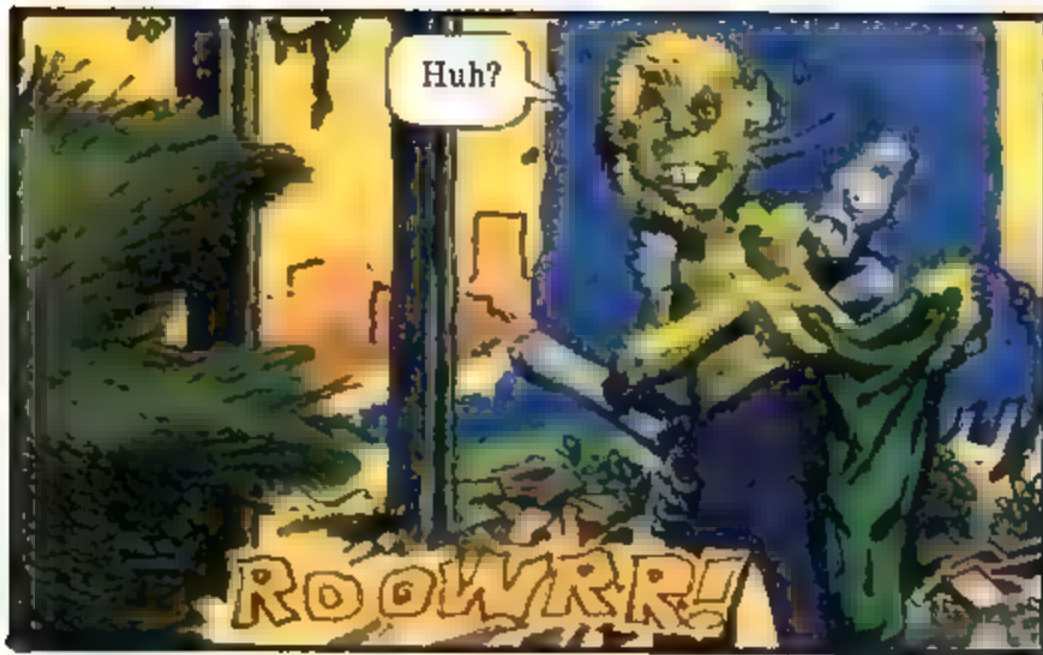




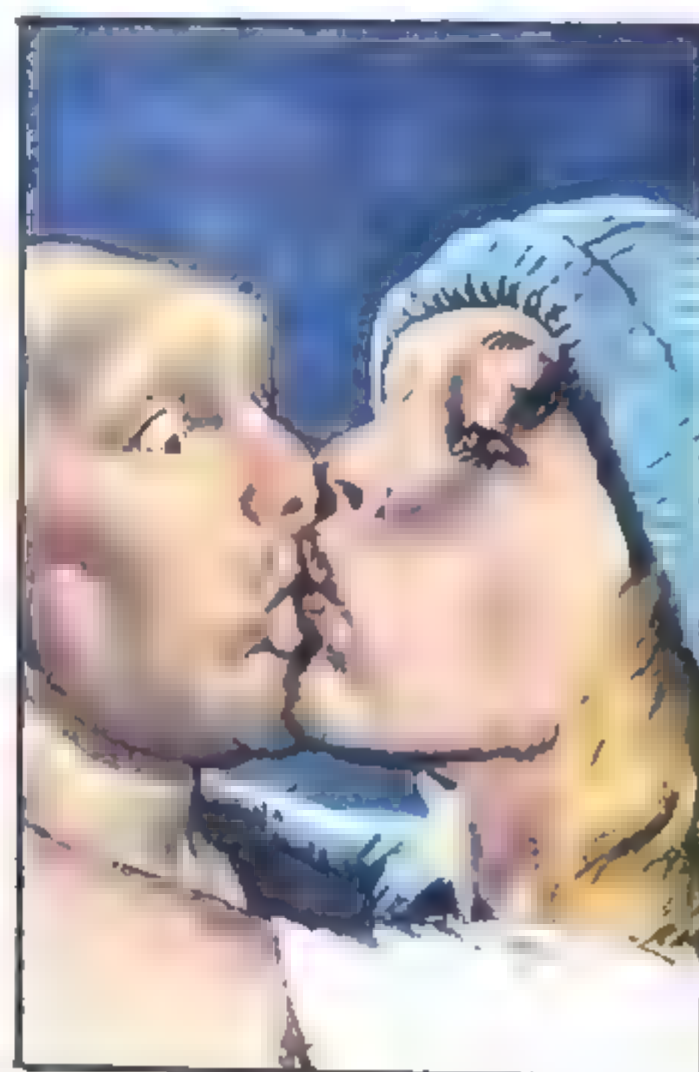
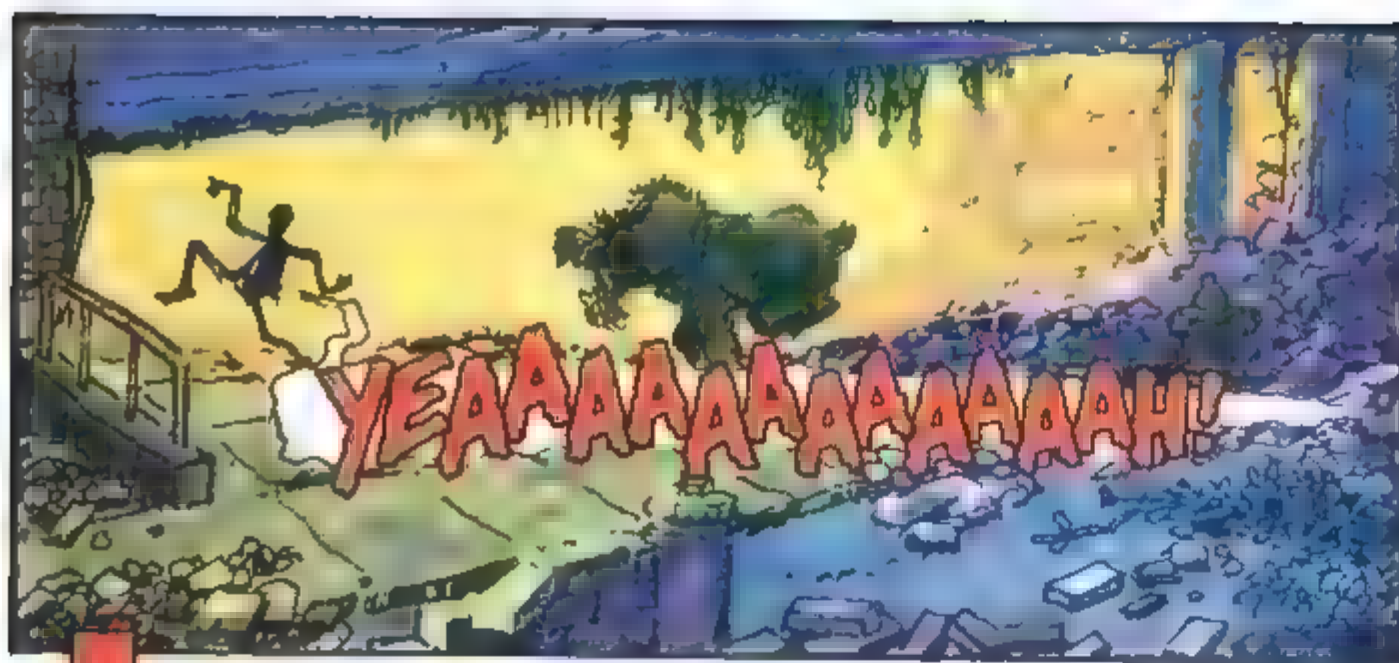




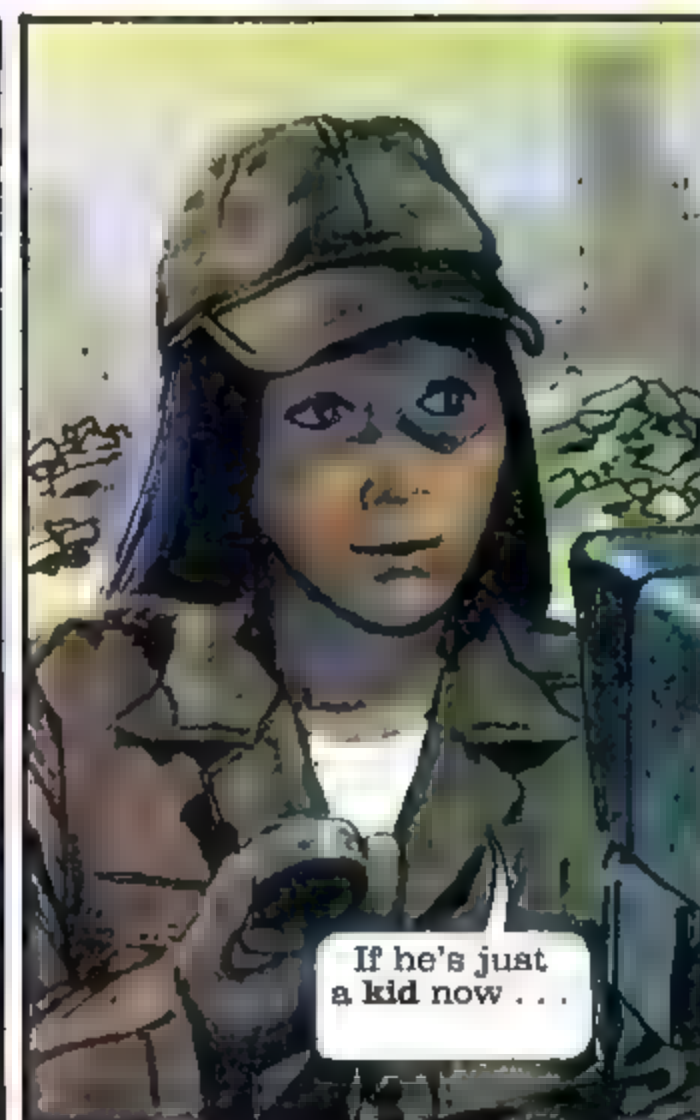
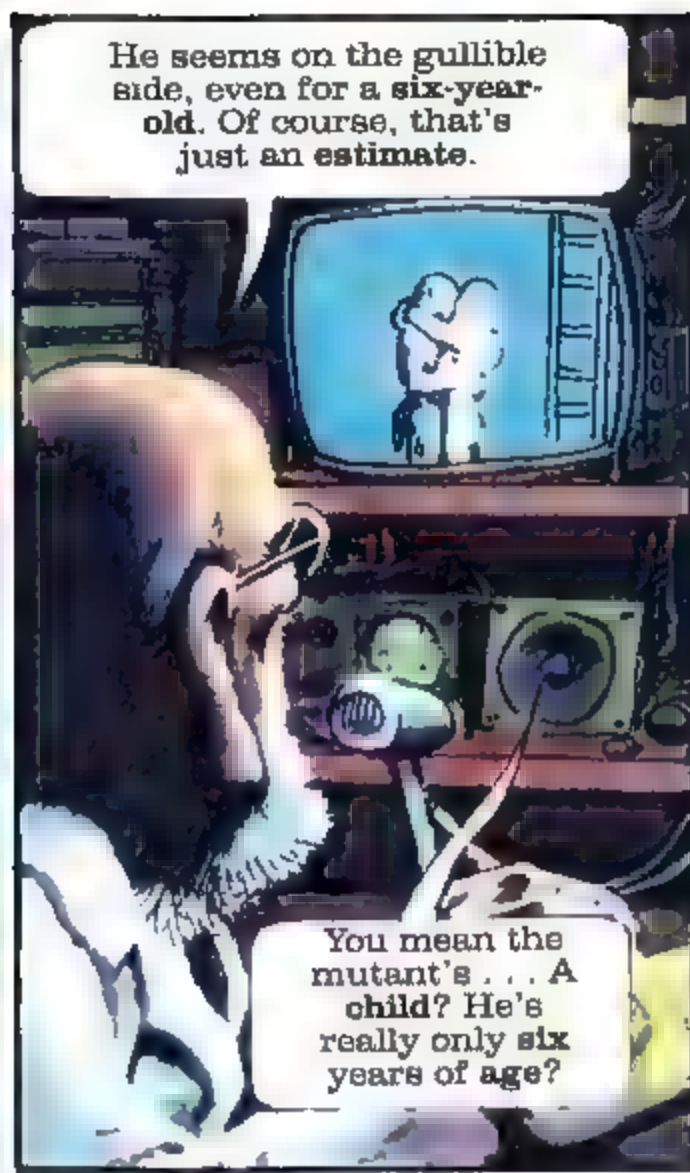




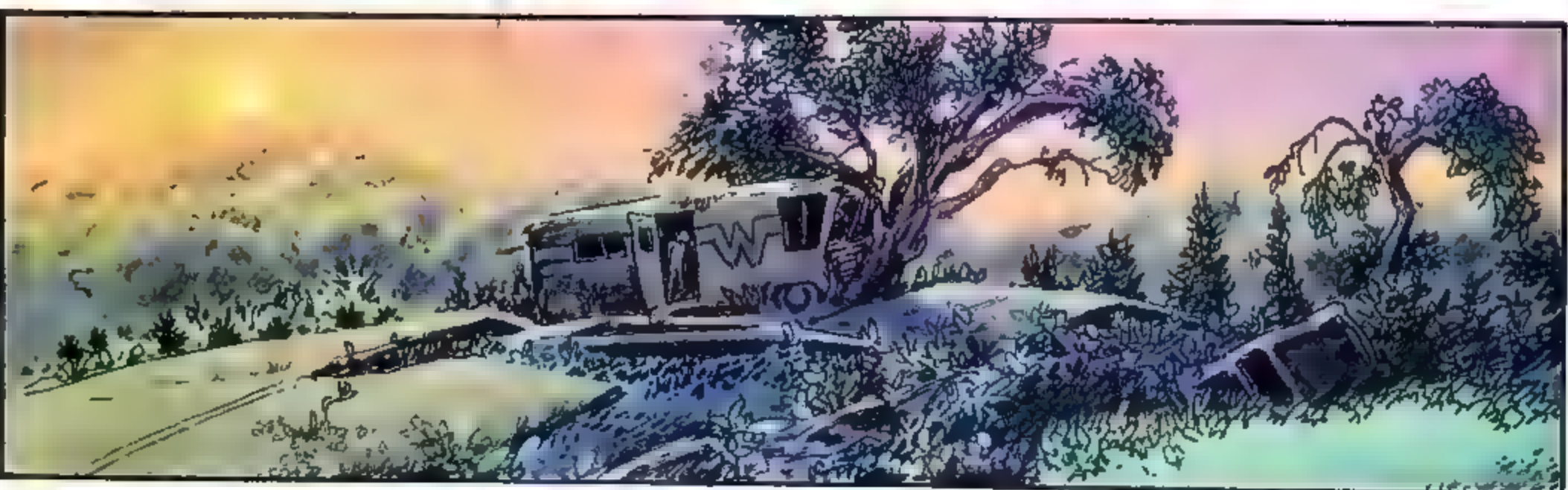
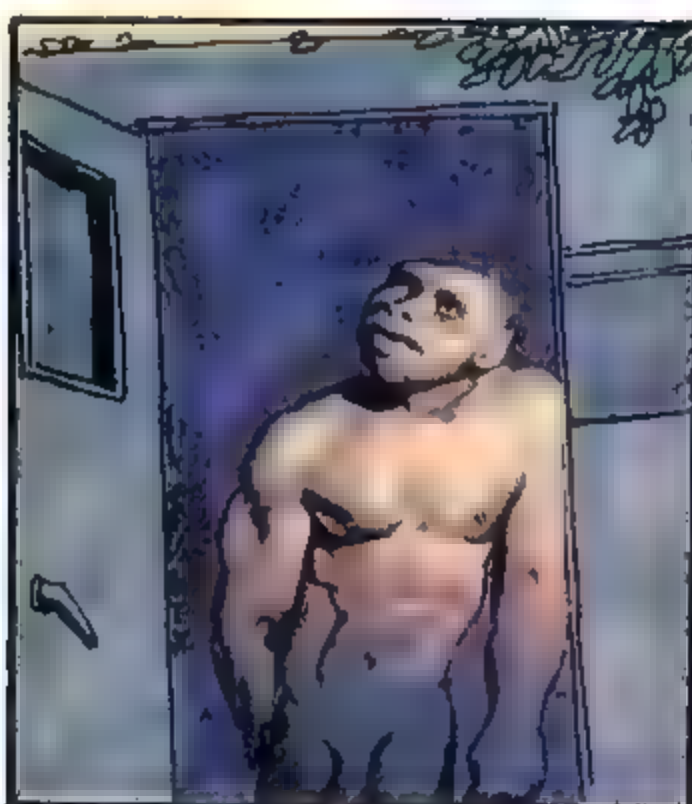
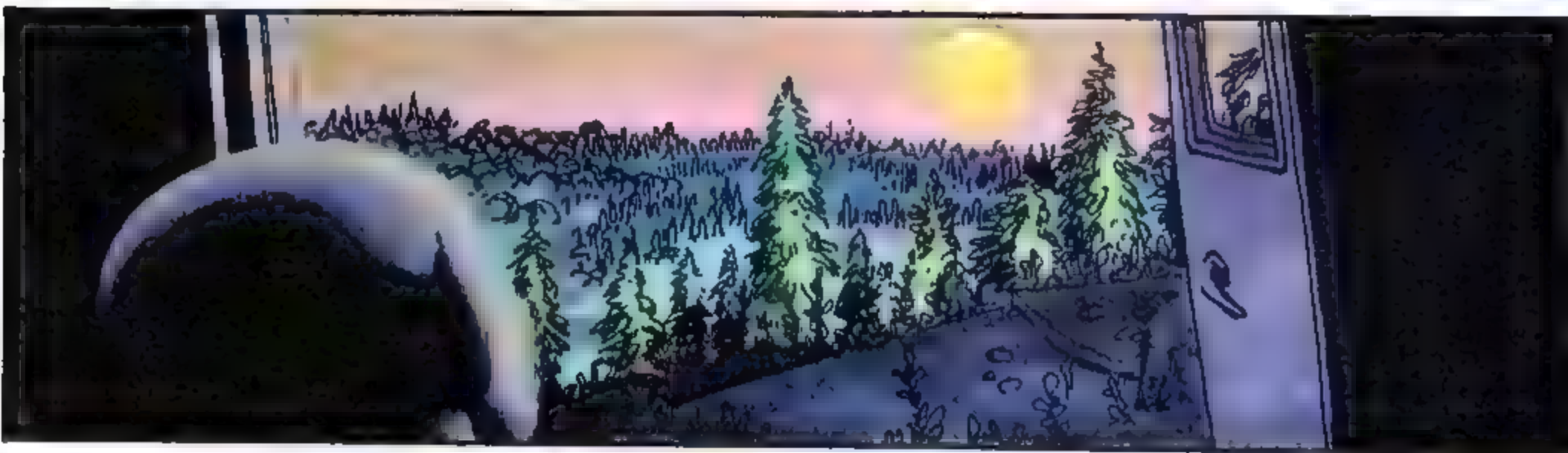
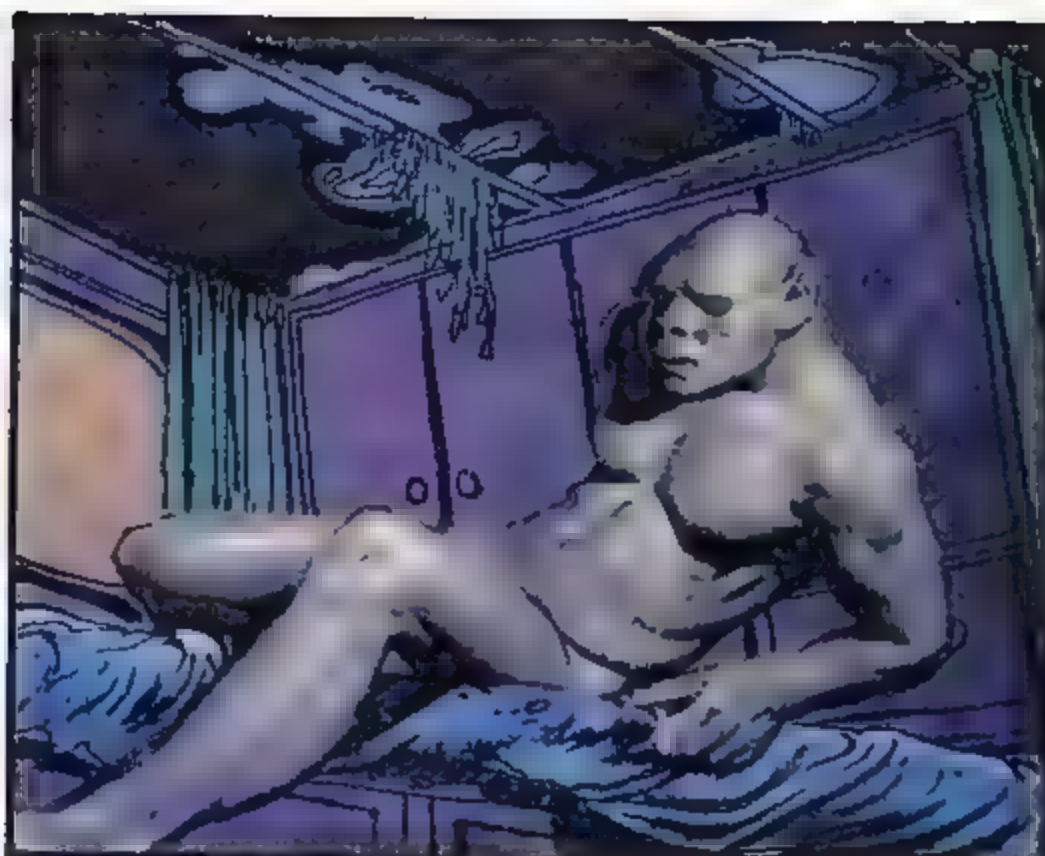














# GHITA

## OF ALIZZAR

It is the Antediluvian age, ten millennia B.C. The troll armies have overrun Alizar. King Khalia, mortally wounded, has fallen. Before his death, he had ordered Thenef, the court wizard, to resurrect Khan-Dagon, the mighty warrior-general. Khan-Dagon must lead the counterattack, the dying King proclaimed. But the wizard could not resurrect the legendary general. Ghita, Khalia's favorite, succeeded where Thenef failed. Through use of a magical gem she gave life to the corpse. And in a mad moment of lust was forced to kill Khan-Dagon as he raped her in the catacombs beneath the royal palace. Ghita and Thenef then armed themselves and prepared to escape through a tunnel that leads beyond the walls of the prostrate city of the goddess Tammuz.

Icons of Tammuz fall amid the cries and screams of warfare. The idols of Nergal, the troll god, will soon stand in their place. So it goes with ancient gods and goddesses.



Adieu, Tammuz. Bon voyage. But do not let your spirit wander too far from your city. Keep a mournful eye on the woman in the rooms of death. Strange breezes blow near her locks of golden hair.

This is Khan-Dagon's sword. These are pieces of his armor.

I will take them.

Thenef, share of your ginmead.

Aye. We be in for a bit of hugger-mugger.

I'll bring this garb from the burial displays.



Thenef knows well of the passage beneath the royal tomb. He paid six drakis to a court eunuch for the secret and stole it back the next day.

The lid slides easily. I'll go first. Lower the arms to me.

On with it, Thenef. I can hear the Lizard-men in the ante-rooms.

Ghita secures the slab cover as the trollish looters pour into the burial chambers. Quickly the two drop in to the waiting shaft.

The tunnel sucks air. It would mean that the way is clear to the exit.

Aye.

Like a great black worm, the tunnel wends its way beneath the streets of Alizarr. The odds are with us, Thenef cries as they plod along. There should be fewer trolls outside the city than in side. He pauses, suddenly taking notice of the scarlet liquid oozing from the stones above.

Blood. Seeping through from above. The devils must be slaughtering half the population.

Curse the slimy lot of them! Curse them in the name of the nether eye of Tammuz!

Pee on them!

Hack off the jungs of every one of them!

A fine pile of balls that would make, eh, Thenef?

Curse them in the name of ginmead!

Khan-Dagon could not have said it better.

But Caution, my rambunctious nymphet. 'Twas only the wad of Khan-Dagon that you took.

Next I'll drink to Khan-Dagon's cook. But first I'll curse it! And curse the ox himself.

Ghita! There is something in the tunnel ahead!



A trollish form but not a troll! Be wary... although it appears wounded.

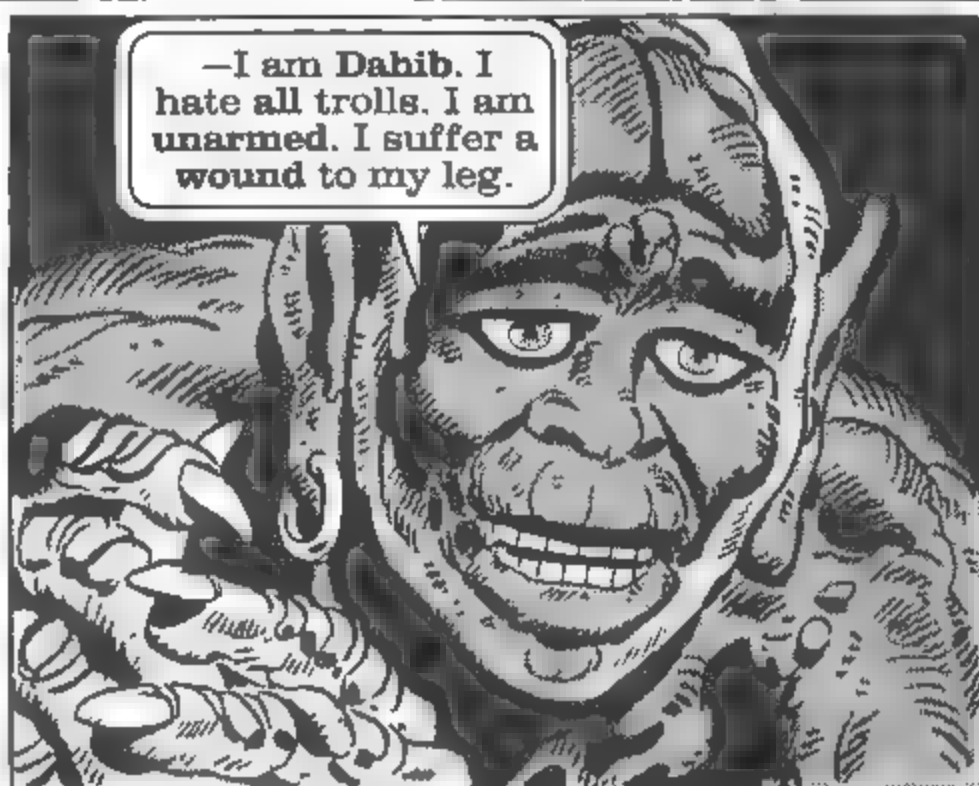
I'll wager it be a halftroll. I've heard of them. His teeth are those of a human.

Do not kill me—



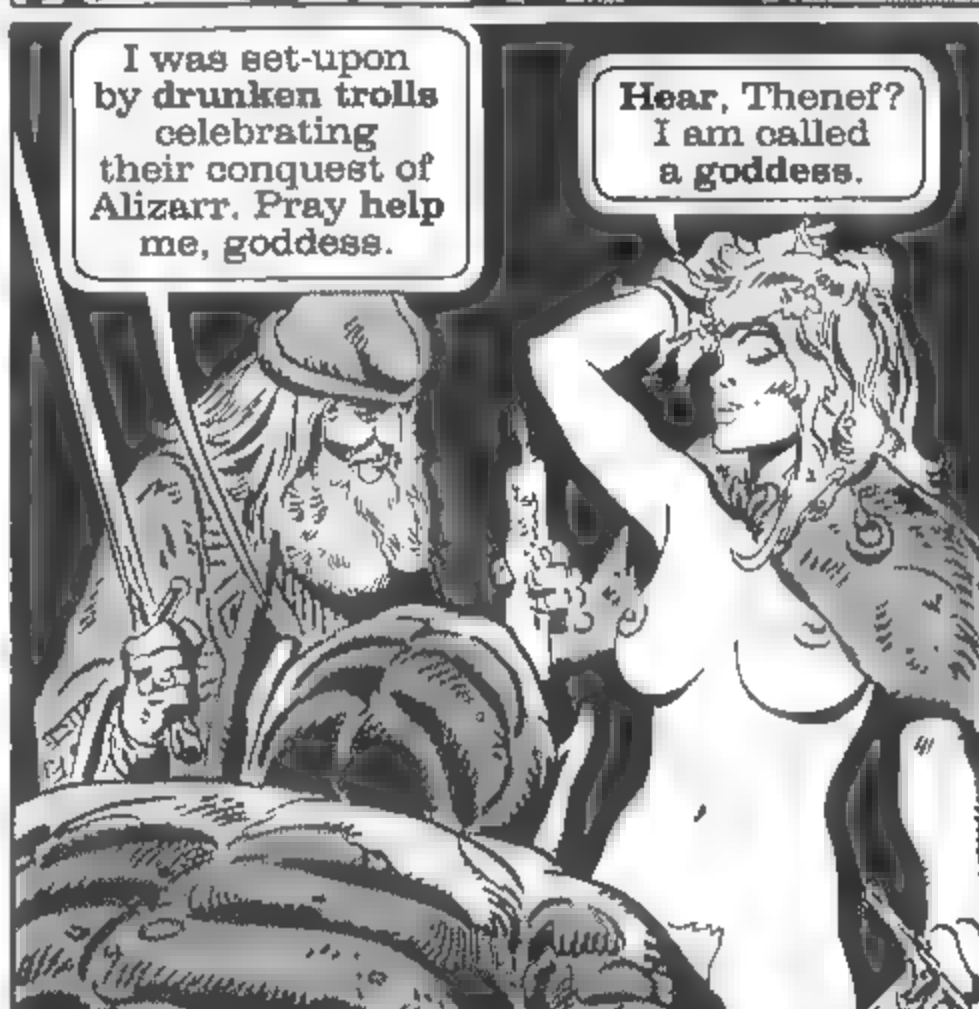
To be a halftroll in Zephyras, the northern land of trolls, is to be a thing of the shadows without rights or privileges. In antiquity the trollish rulers interbred trolls and human-kind to create a servant class. They multiplied but were kept a minority under centuries of trollian domination. Many halftrolls fled the servitude of Zephyras and found refuge in Ohnzorr. Some migrated further east to the caverns of Drome in the Azian mountains. Such is Dahib, one with the swine and cattle. Unlike his trollish half brothers, Dahib is not warlike, although soldiering has brought him to Alizarr.

—I am Dahib. I hate all trolls. I am unarmed. I suffer a wound to my leg.



I was set-upon by drunken trolls celebrating their conquest of Alizarr. Pray help me, goddess.

Hear, Thenef? I am called a goddess.



Alizarrians pray to Tammuz. Trolls pray to Nergal. Halftrolls are not allowed to pray at all. They are denied a god by Trollian decree. Dahib was born a spiritual being and was without an object of worship. Ghita was to be his goddess.

By my arse! I've not been called that before!



I am but a dung-carrier in the trollish regiment camped outside your city's walls. After my injury I found the opening to this tunnel and crawled its length... to find my goddess waiting.



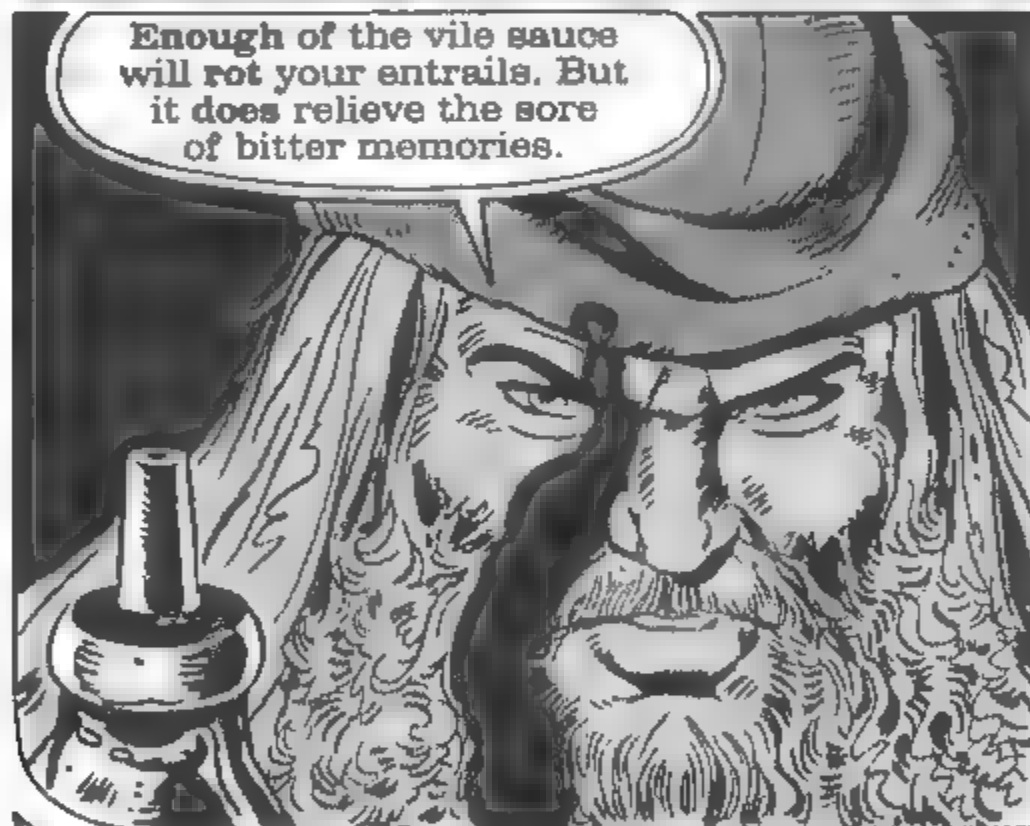
Dahib's simple nature and natural honesty wins his case for mercy. Ghita sets about to dress the halftroll's wound. Oddly, the creature's plight and his attitude toward the woman coax forth her maternal instincts. Ghita was born with ample features with which to make love, but denied the delicate inner subtleties to produce a child. In the brothels of Alizary she excelled, possibly for the lack of it.



Thenef, you'll never miss this piece from your shirtwaist. Not so the ginmead I used to clean the gash.

'Tis best used to wash away the hurts of the soul, little pipkin.

The wizard would have made an excellent father to a son. In his teens, Thenef married a goatherd's daughter, and set up housekeeping in a cabin outside the walls of Alizary. Yet, his bride was torn to bits by a plundering mob and the fate of his young lover bent his mind from child-rearing. He became a stepfather to sorcery and a brother to ginmead, instead.



Enough of the vile sauce will rot your entrails. But it does relieve the sore of bitter memories.



Easy, old sponge.

A fine drunken pair of warriors we'll make if we keep guzzling at spirits of juniper.

If two such as Thenef and Ghita were to sire a child, perhaps a halftroll would have been an appropriate offspring. Even so, Dahib would make an adequate sorcerer's apprentice. If Ghita be a witch, Dahib would do as her familiar. The army of two had its first recruit.



You are Ghita, my goddess! I pray to you a prayer of thanks. You give healing to my leg.

Thenef, you may kiss the hand of a thing of heaven!

I'd rather kiss your nubs, they be truly of the gods.



Ha! Thrust ho, Thenef. Good shot! If we survive this you may kiss my bum as well!

Ah . . . goddess. Perhaps together we can slip past the few trollian soldiers in the camp at the tunnel's exit. We might steal horses and escape to the northern steppes.



Dahib will lead  
us out of this  
hellhole. We'll  
take the horses  
and spill some  
trollish blood  
in the doing of it.

The thought  
appeals to me.  
I must wear  
this dagger.  
I must feel  
the armor on  
my body.



By the gods—  
I must have the  
pieces fit. Yet  
I be too ample!  
A pox on the  
lot of it.

Still, the cold  
steel against  
my flesh is  
exciting to me.  
Thenef, help  
with the task.



The stuff be  
made for a man,  
my princess. The  
pieces are odd  
and oversize.

Hairballs of  
dung! Bend it!  
Pound it with  
your sword!

The metal is  
unyielding.



Goddess, let me feel of the  
armature. My teeth are  
strong and I have great  
strength in my talons.



Thus, beneath the bloody streets of Alizar,  
the transformation begins.

Dahib works upon the material with the skill  
of an armorer.

What there is of  
the pieces can be  
made to fit. I am  
honored to serve  
the queen of the  
six heavens.







The gem, "The Eye of Tammuz," joins the armor and sword of Khan-Dagon as part of Ghita's mantle of rage. The jewel had come a far journey to ride under the bosom of the maid of Alizarri. Were it known that it was suspended there, dozens of thieves from Nepthys to Urd would kill her on the spot to have it. Many had died in the owning of the stone. It was stolen in olden times from the forehead of the great golden loon of Tammuz in the ancient city of Minga. But possession of the great gem does not insure death. Dying is easy if it be quick. There are worse agonies than the sufferings of oblivion. Soon, so very soon, Ghita would be stalked by madness.





—Ram it twixt  
my legs as  
Khan-Dagon  
rammed his  
sword into me!

Again!  
Again!  
And  
Again!  
Khan-  
Dagon—!

I . . . come!

Do you hear,  
Khan-Dagon? I,  
Ghita of Alizarr,  
have your sword  
in my hands!

Well done, oh  
Tammuz. Your  
city will once  
again be safe  
for your wor-  
shippers. It is  
certain.



Stunned by Ghita's display with the sword, Thenef and Dahib follow as the maid of Alizarr charges through the tunnel toward the outer exit. Thenef is bewildered. Ghita seems transformed . . . spoiling for combat with the trollish forces. It's more than the gunmead, he believes. Her temperament is altered! It's as though she were visited by the spirit of Khan-Dagon, himself. Dahib is numb with adoration of the woman.



The moon is streaked with smoke rising from the flaming city. Nergon, the high priest of Nergal, speaks to the victorious trolls from the central square of Alizarr.



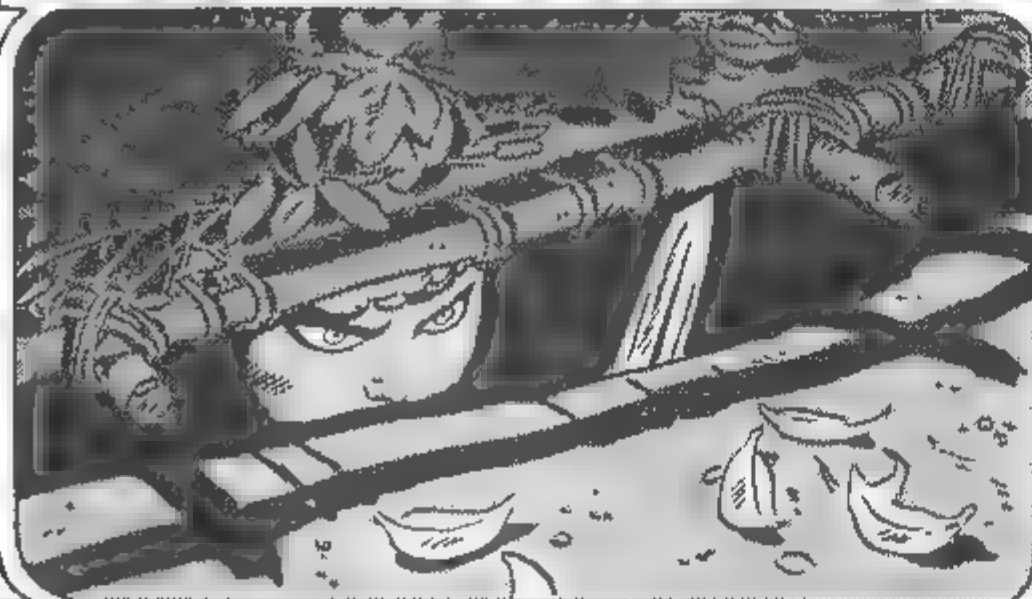
Nergon had long dreamed of this hour of triumph. For centuries, the trollish creatures had kept themselves isolated in the bleak northern region of Zephyran. No one knew of their origin, thought it was said they were descended from the thunder lizards of archaic times. Nergon had clawed his way upwards through the priestly orders of Zephyran and was crafty enough to seize control of the government. His burning hatred of Tammuz and her followers was the rallying point. In a decade's time he had built an army that rivalled even that of King Khalla. The battle plan was perfect. Now he must hold on to his prize. With such an overwhelming occupation force the task would seem simple, were it not for the growing rage of a lone female possessed with the vision of flowing rivers of trollian blood.



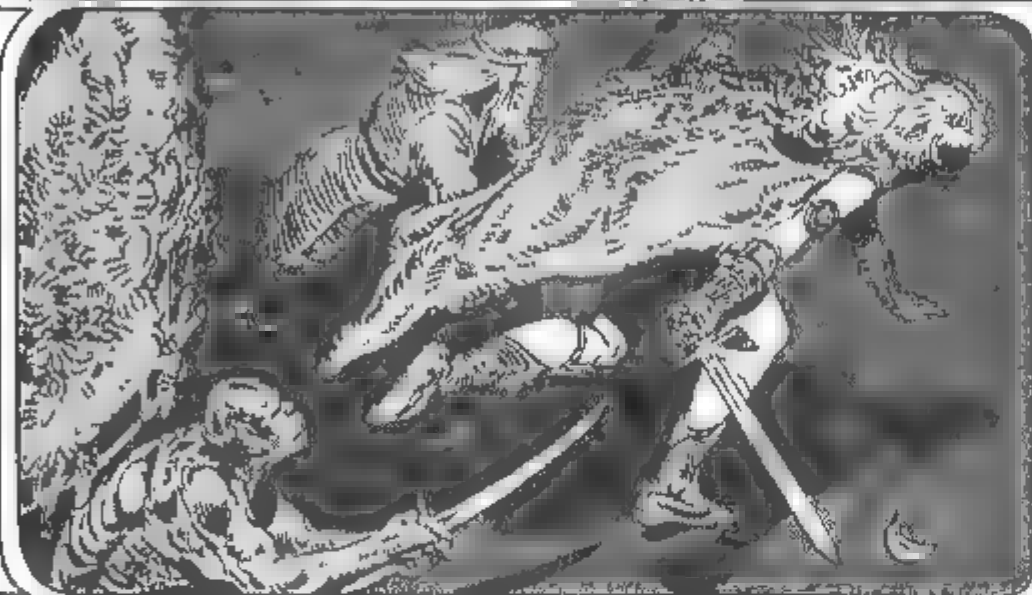
Now to test the mettle of the army of three. The odds are heavily against them: nearly naked woman, a cowardly wizard and a wounded halftroll. Thenef envies Dahib's faith in Ghita. She is his goddess. She is, to him, immortal. She will protect him. Thenef, however, remains unconvinced of her divinity. The Wizard is dumbfounded by her actions.



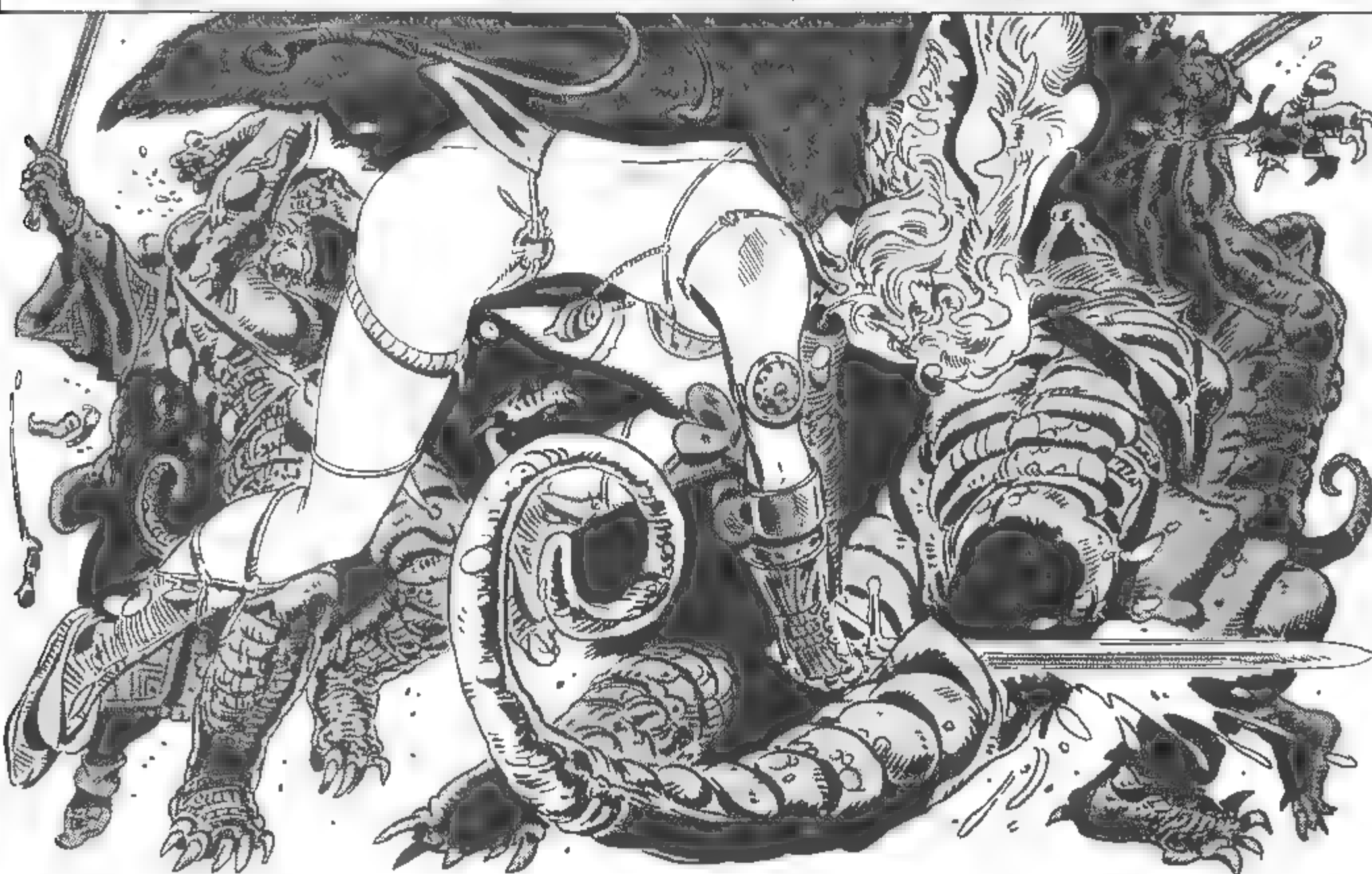
"The horses are beyond the knot of trolls. We'll have to cut our way through," Ghita whispers. "We can surprise them and kill all of the filthy dung-eaters! Then we shall steal three of the horses and head for the forest—!"



"We can rest and make for Nephtys with the morning light," Ghita pushes back the cover and the three lunge toward the nearby troll nest! The woman is magnificent in the charge. She moves with splendid grace and beauty, her body afire with blood lust!



Led by the golden-haired female, the trio slashes into the drunken soldiers as if they were a brood of toads. Brief cries of suffering fill the night air. The cold-blooded creatures attempt to defend themselves, but the attack is swift and sure! Ghita is savage and unrelenting. Her sword creates a welter of trollian limbs and ragged pieces of fibrous lizard meat. The grand ballet of trollish doom beings. The overture is heard in singing swords; the prima ballerina of death has come on stage.





Ghita's blade is a living blur of white fire. Repilian forms explode in its wake. Tendons snap like strings of an oodina at the height of the frenzied dance of ecstasy. Many times Ghita had danced naked to the rapturous sound of the oodina. Now she spins to the music of foaming flesh and cracking bone.



Ghita topples backwards, the vision of a thousand bloody swords overwhelming her fading consciousness.



Her breasts pound beneath her metal chest pieces. The shoulder guards grind against her skin. She sinks to the ground as the last putrid troll breath fades under her assault. In an afterglow of fury, Ghita chops sections of the troll guards into small chunks. She draws the sword handle closer to her body.



Khan-Dagon-



My goddess!

Quickly, Dahib! She has fainted. We must carry her to the corral. Soon enough to quit this gore-soaked camp.





Dahib's concern for Ghita is deeply felt. His sudden vision of a glory long denied his kind has long been impossible without his newfound object of worship. The halftroll knows by faith alone that his goddess will take him into heaven when he dies. There, with Ghita by his side, they will live together in **sublime eternity**.

The halftroll's devotion to the woman is blind and beyond reason. Only a fool would waste his breath telling Dahib that his deity is a **wanton wench**. His nostrils deny him the truth that she **stinks** from sweat. Dahib's eyes behold only her **natural beauty**. The grit between her toes and under her fingernails is **invisible** to him.



I will lift you to the horses, my goddess.



Tell me, wizard, why does she sleep?

She's a strong head, but she's guzzled too much even so.

Ghita's speech, laced with profanity and irreverent comment, seems never to reach Dahib's ear. To the halftroll she is, quite simply, **divine**. Any evidence to the contrary is summarily dismissed. Ghita does not understand his unquestioning devotion. She believes in neither gods nor goddesses.

Halftrolls are asexual creatures . . . luckily for Dahib. His goddess is gifted with a body that could steam the foreheads of angels. Alas, however, many that were **less** than angels had **shared** her gifts. She is tawdry, obscene, good-humored and thieving. To Dahib she will ever be the queen of **horror**!



You'll ride with your bare bum looking at the stars, my love. And you owe me the privilege of kissing it!



On to the purple forests of Azza and Nephys. Beyond lay the high volcanic mountains, host to the myriad caverns of Drome. A ragtag army would be birthed in those depths. Meanwhile, Alisarr would have to sit upon her haunches and endure the trespassers and the evil ambitions of Nergon, her new sovereign.



In truth, Dahib, being a wizard without employ is not an unhappy lot.

A smitch of gin-mead and a bare buttock to admire is all that a man could ask!

Ride on, hapless wizard and faithful halftroll, as Ghita dreams a plan of conquest. She will soon wake to see a living dream and a horror beyond the dreams of men!





### WHERE, OH WHERE HAS HAPPY JIM GONE?

Boy, you guys really had me scared there. When 1984 #6 came and went without the usual episodic adventure of my favorite funny book hero, I'd thought he'd been relegated to oblivion for sure.

But then came issue seven #7, and Happy Jim Sunblaster was there in his usual full-color glory, hawking subscriptions to 1984, and my trepidation was calmed once and for all.

I knew you simply could not abandon one of the comics' finest cult hucksters since Charles Atlas.

**HOWIE ZETTS**  
Tacoma, Wash.

Us abandon Happy Jim? How could we ever do such a thing, Howie? It would be like Christmas without a Santa Claus!

### NO MORE REJECTS

Boy, you sure picked the right guy to author a satire on Marvel's idiotic costumed comic book heroes. Rich Margopolous put about as much thought into "Kaiser Warduke" as the average Marvel scripter puts into one of that company's assembly-line tales: None at all!

**CATHY WOLFE**  
Oceanville, N.J.

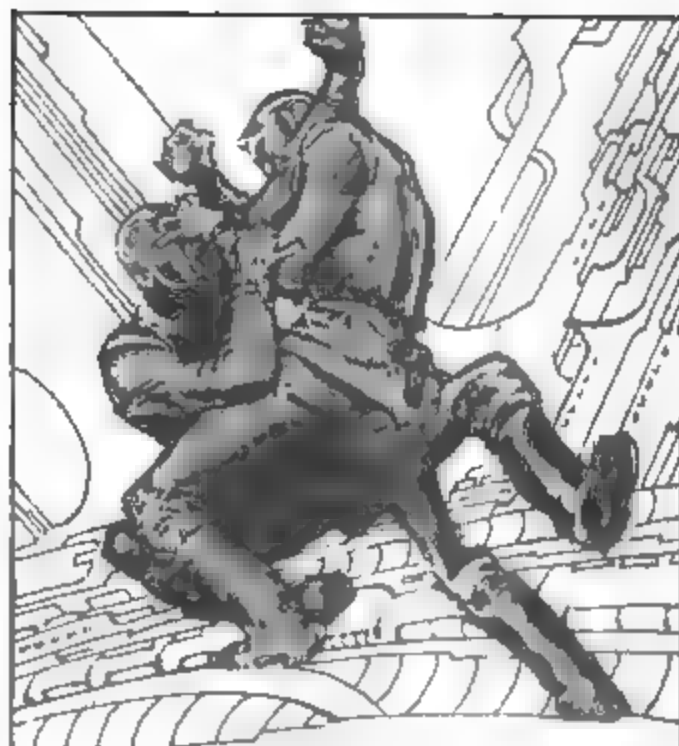
I would like to comment on one of the more neglected factors of 1984 magazine, but one that makes reading the magazine a distinct pleasure: The way the magazine is produced.

I am amazed, really at the ultra-clean look of the entire publication. The clean type face spaced evenly within the perfectly oval balloons in every panel, give 1984 a distinct look and personality unlike any other comic magazine published today.

It's a small thing really, and I would never have noticed it if not for the debate raging on your letters pages over the validity of replacing hand lettering with machine-set type. But I think it shows what a great deal of care is put into every issue of the magazine. Care, and I would imagine a certain amount of pride.

**WILSON DODD**  
Brownsville, Texas

Our overworked and long-neglected production department thanks you, Wilson.



### THORNE UPSOFF THORNE!

I caught Frank Thorne's act at the San Diego Comic Convention last year. And it seems to me that Ghita is an offshoot of his Wizard and Red Sonja performance, with Ghita's sodden vizir portraying grand master Thorne himself!

**BENNY CASTILE**  
Clarkson, Calif.

I was under the impression that 1984 was supposed to be a magazine about the future. I don't want to be sour grapes, but what does Ghita have to do with the future?

**BEGGS BEARDON**  
Cromwell, Okla.

You got us, Beggs! Ghita's central theme may be unrelated to the world of tomorrow. But it sure is fun to read, isn't it?

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The second, long-incoming revolutionary war was a lot like the first. Brought about by a corrupt, uncaring government bleeding the population of every right, every freedom, every dollar it could squeeze forth.

And like that first American war of Independence, the '84 rebellion had its heroes, its legends . . . and its martyrs!



# MAD MEN and MESSIAHS

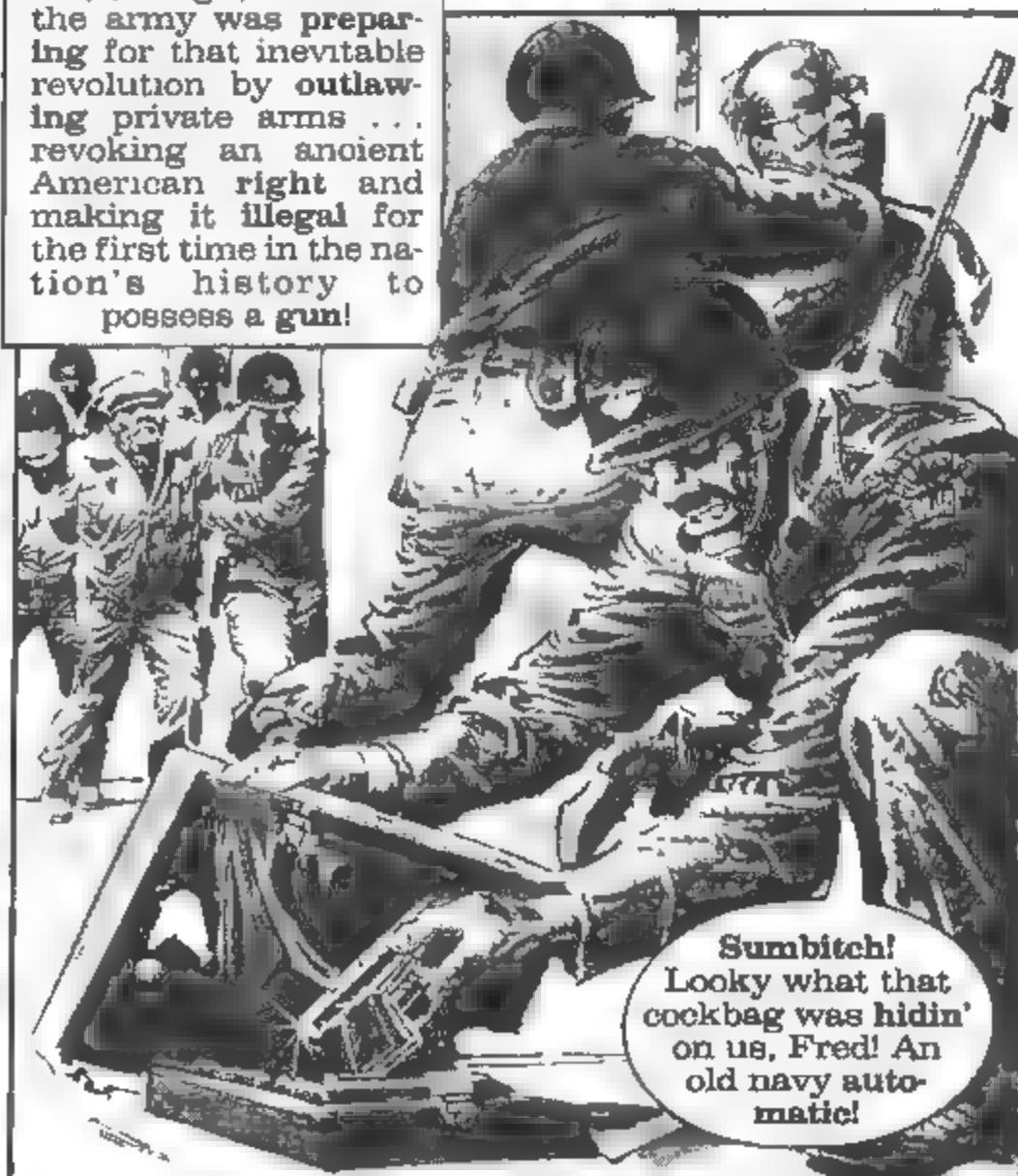
Like Orwell said, 1984 wasn't a particularly good year. After the gas riots of '81 and the tax strikes of '82, it seemed like things just couldn't get much worse.

They did!



The food shortages of '83 brought about the need for martial law. That, at least, was the official word from Ted Kennedy, royal emperor, hereditary king and veritable god in the White House.

The way it looked to me, though, was that the army was preparing for that inevitable revolution by outlawing private arms . . . revoking an ancient American right and making it illegal for the first time in the nation's history to possess a gun!

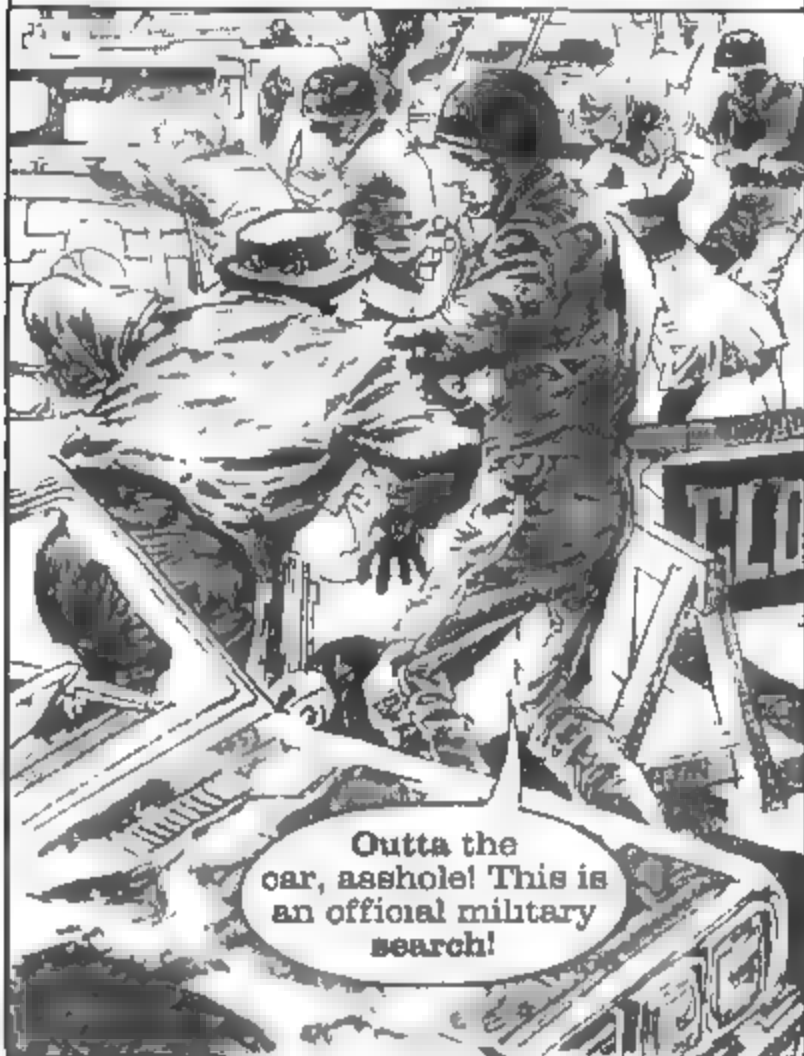


Sumbitch! Looky what that cockbag was hidin' on us, Fred! An old navy automatic!



Like good Americans everywhere, I too, layed down like a whipped dog when Uncle Teddy rationed me to ten gallons of gas a month! I grit my teeth when he ripped off more and more of my paycheck to pay the federal deficit. I didn't even bitch a lot when he pushed the price of food out of reach of Joe-average American.

But when the bastard tried to relieve me of my guns . . . that just seemed like the final straw!



Even though I'd never owned a gun in my life, it seemed unjust, immoral and a whole lot like murder to deprive citizens of their right to protect themselves . . . especially in such turbulent times!

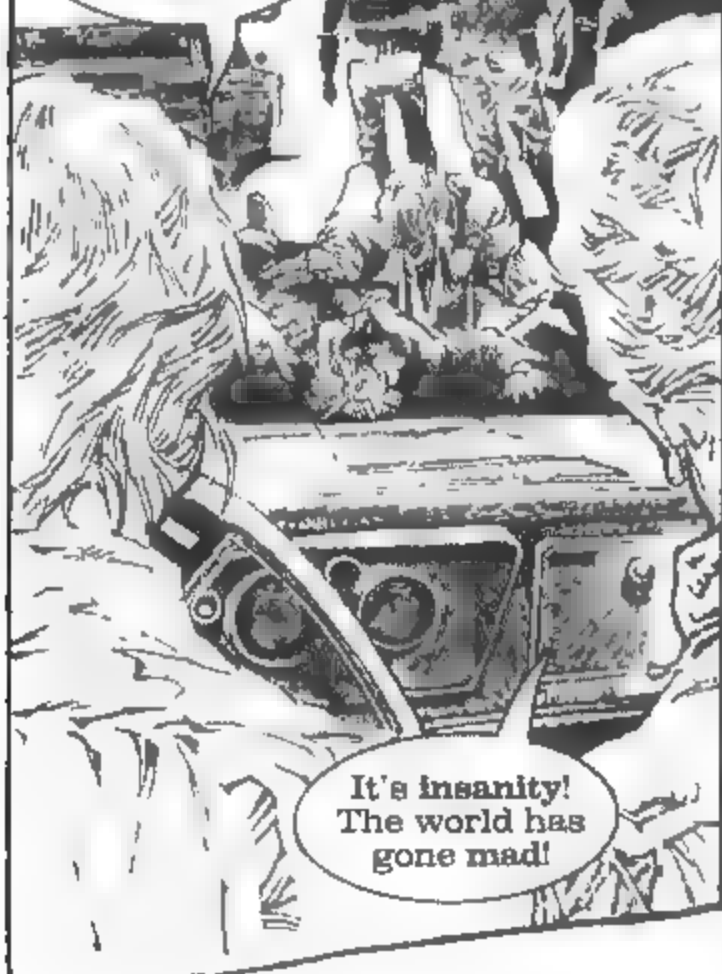


And yet, for all my dissident opinions, it's doubtful that I would ever have voiced an objection against the actions and policies of my government. One simply did not do such things when one was given a proper upbringing in the posh Kennedy-owned world of Hyannis Port, Massachusetts.



that world months before sickened by the privileges of the rich while the poor daily lost their struggle for survival. It was a meager protest on my part, motivated more by indignation and self-righteousness than a genuine desire for justice.

Jesus, Jimmy! Did you see that? They executed that man . . . in cold blood!



I was in the process of crawling home with my tail between my legs when I was swept by an irreversible tide of violence into a world of savagery and death.

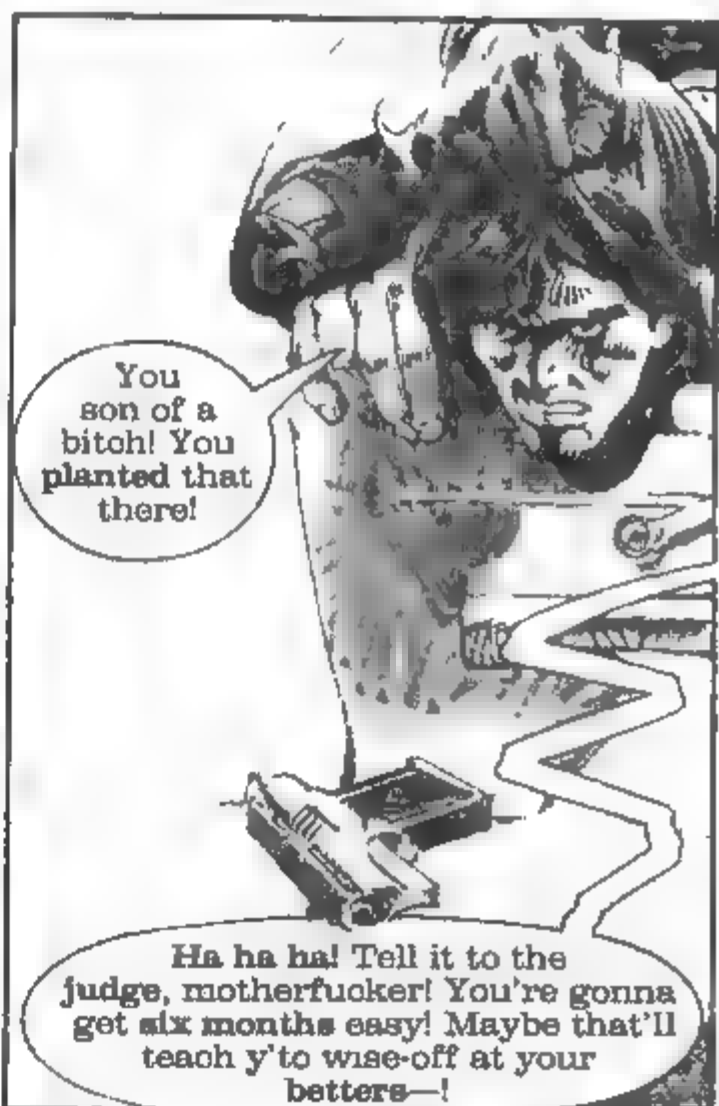
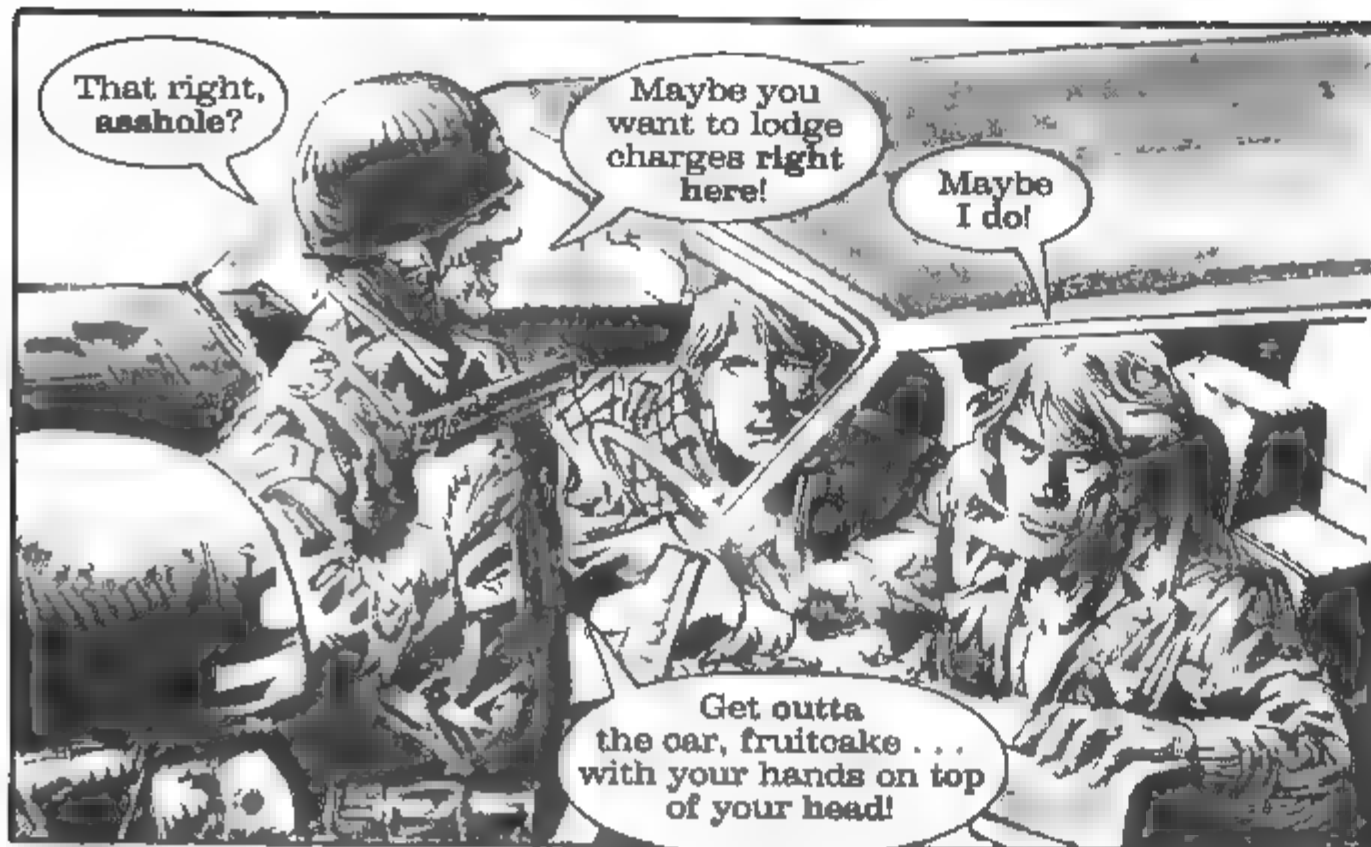


It was a roadblock, halting all traffic into the plush Hyannis community. The purpose, purportedly, to search for illegal weapons.

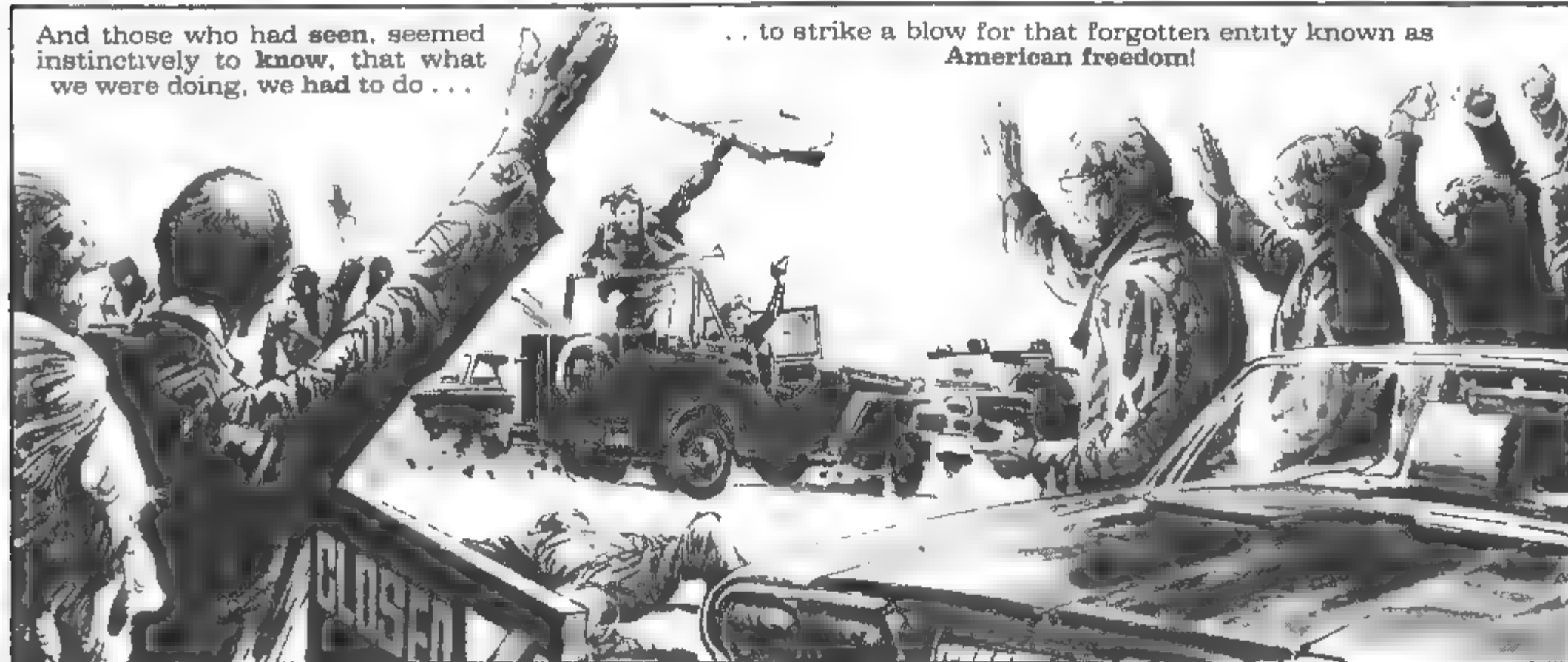
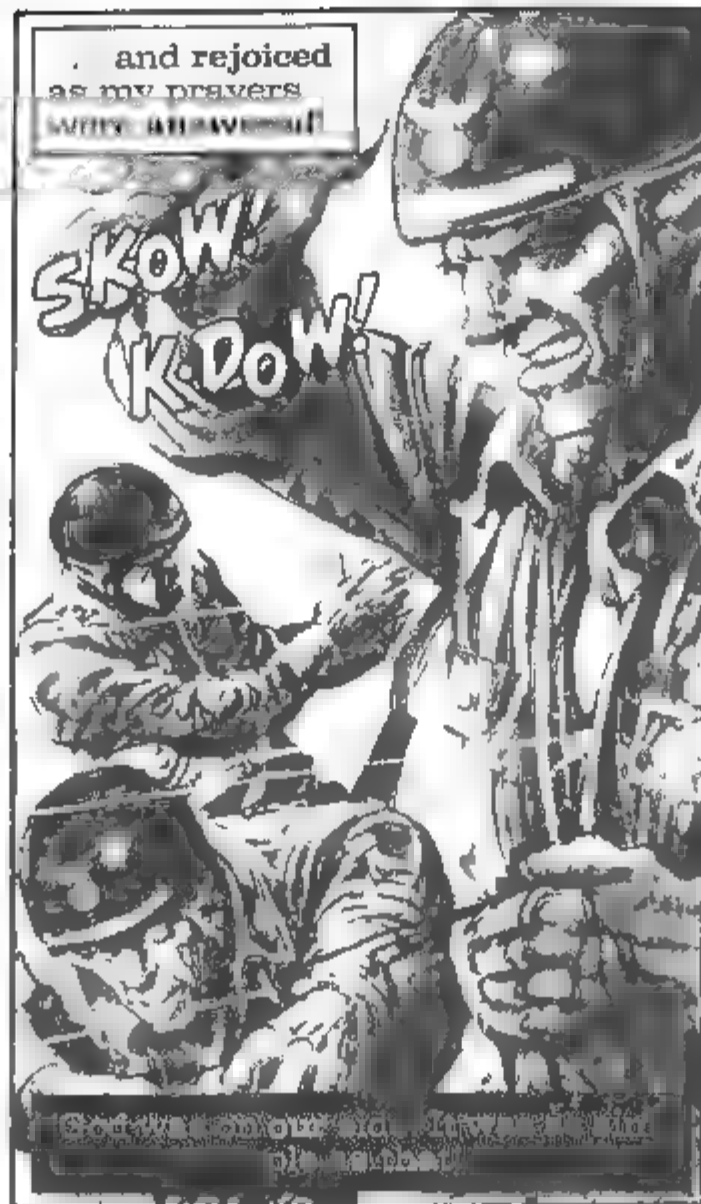
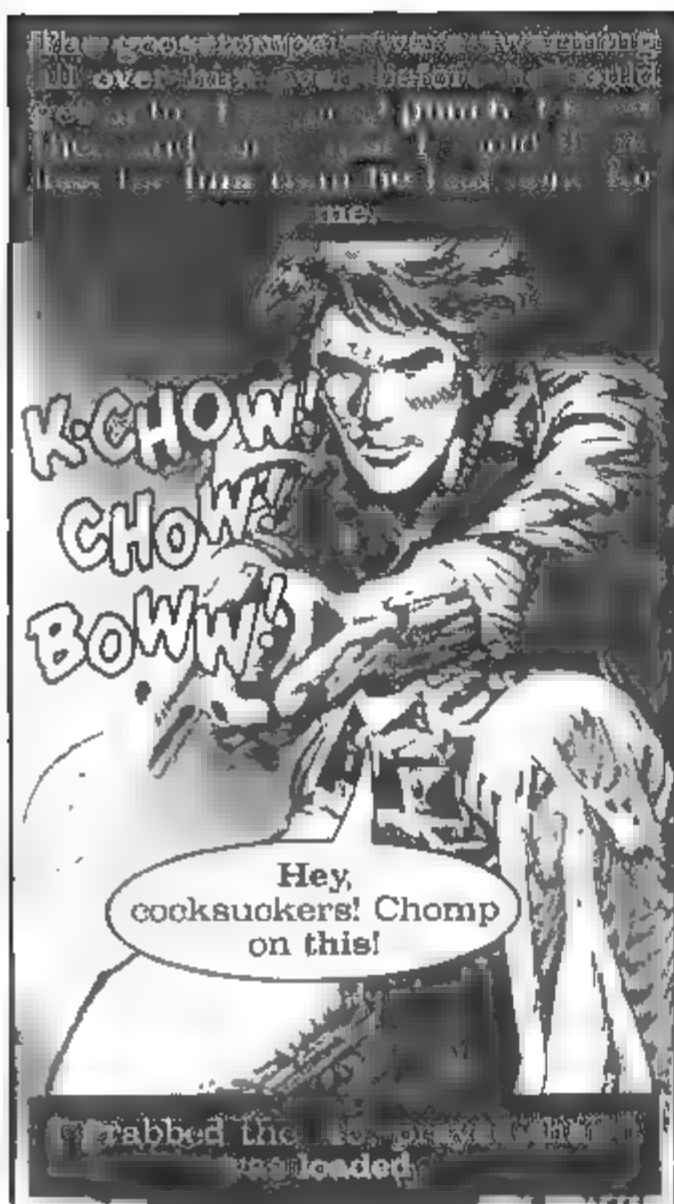
Like all government-sanctioned police actions of late, it had all the earmarks of a Nazi orgy!













Jimmy and I never planned it. Neither of us had an ounce of heroic blood between us. Our roles were thrust upon us by an irreversible twist of fate.

Once on the patriotic road of righteousness, we knew there was no turning back. We were instant, full-blown revolutionaries, sought by every law enforcement agency in the land!



Just give me the money, old man! You'll be financing your own freedom!

We began our Robin Hood roles by "appropriating" just enough funds to finance a fledgling army.

We brought guns and bodies and propaganda. And hit fast and hard at targets guaranteed to garner us the biggest headlines!



Our tactics lie in psychological warfare. Pigs and blackshirts had to die. It wasn't pretty, but tactically it was a brutal necessity!



We, the Americans for Freedom, were expressing our constitutionally sanctioned right of dissent in the most graphic manner possible?

Small groups of patriots, much like our own, were springing up in every major city. Though we fought for a common cause, there was nothing which bound us together. Crushing local governments, smashing isolated military units, we all failed to strike that ever-important devastating blow which would permanently cripple the government.



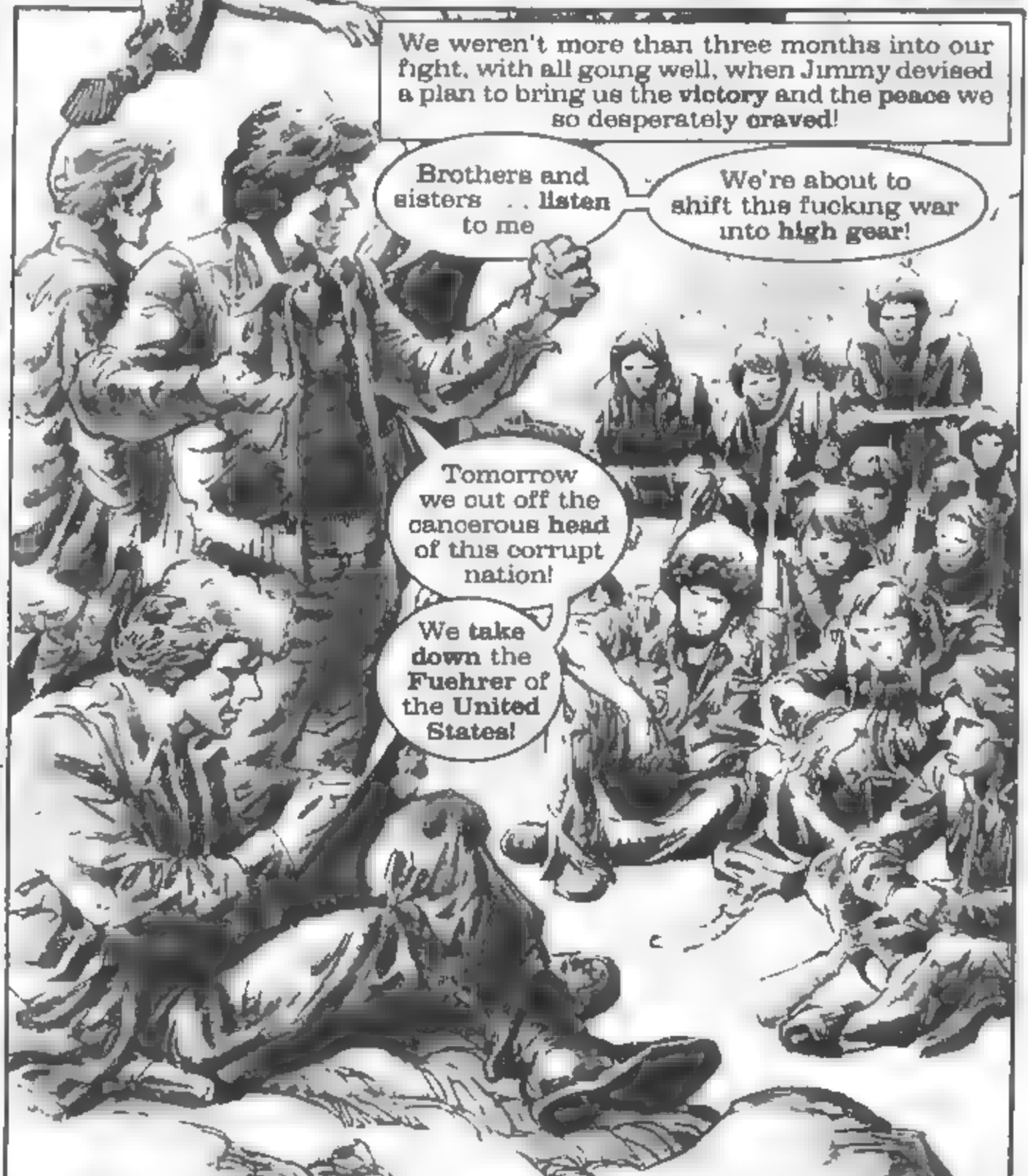
We weren't more than three months into our fight, with all going well, when Jimmy devised a plan to bring us the victory and the peace we so desperately craved!

Brothers and sisters... listen to me!

We're about to shift this fucking war into high gear!

Tomorrow we cut off the cancerous head of this corrupt nation!

We take down the Fuehrer of the United States!





It was ironic that we, the youth of the nation, had put Teddy Kennedy into office. He was the great white hope, the knight in shining armor, the glorious resurrected Messiah, who was going to save us all after the madmen and Georgians had nearly led us to ruin!



BOW!  
DOW!  
K-TOW!  
TOW!

There's too many of them, Jimmy! His fuckin' bodyguards are everywhere!

We'll get him, Bobby! We've got to!

He was the last of Ros. . . and he lying asshole who brought about the great American apocalypse!



Heavy metal at three o'clock!

BDDA BDDA BDDA!

Bring it down, boys! Down!

While he basked in the sun of his beachfront mansion, his gestapo pillaged American freedoms.



WHOOOMP!

BOW!

BOW!

K-TOW!

You got him, Jimmy!

Fuckin' aye! This is better than a shooting gallery!

It wouldn't be easy getting to the bastard. But Jimmy and I had an edge. We knew the ins and outs of the exclusive Hyannis Port dunes, having played there all of our lives.

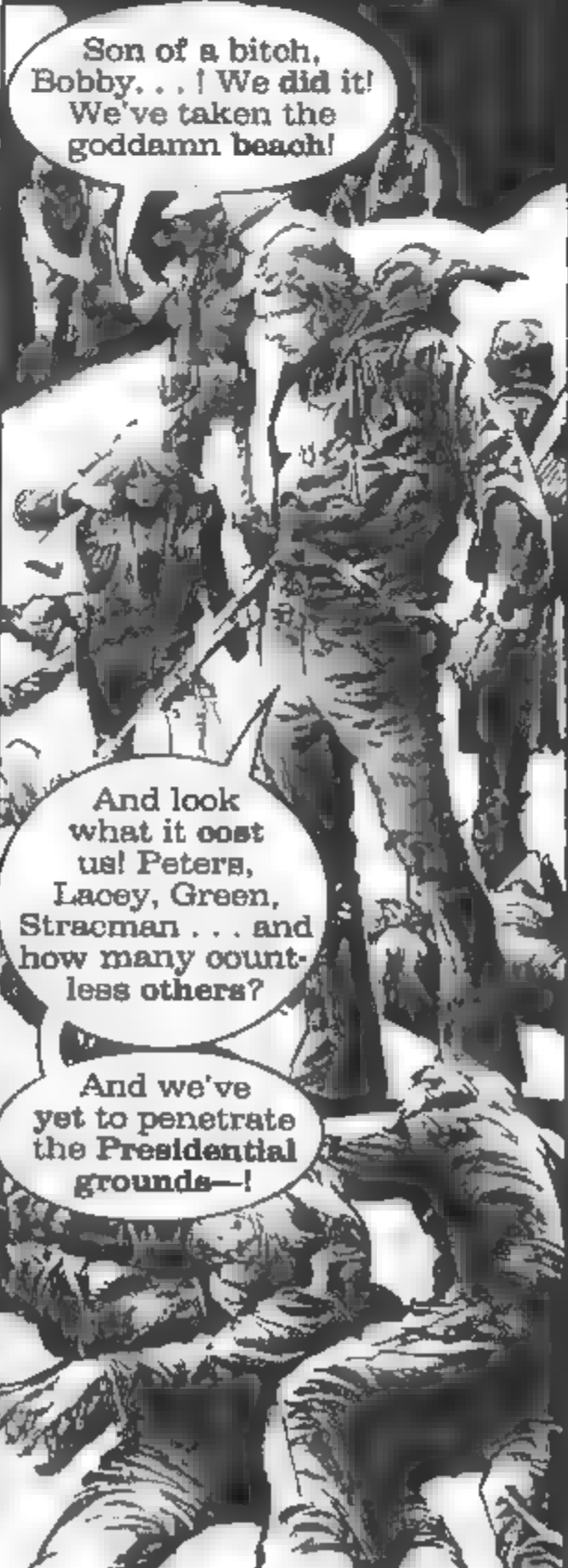


KAKK!

KWING!

BDOO!

It was more glorious than D-Day, better choreographed than Iwo Jima. We were the cavalry storming the beaches, and it looked as though this time we had won!



Son of a bitch, Bobby. . . ! We did it! We've taken the goddamn beach!

And look what it cost us! Peters, Lacey, Green, Stracman . . . and how many countless others?

And we've yet to penetrate the Presidential grounds—!





They're probably sneaking the bastard out right now with him laughing at us as he makes his getaway!

Oh, shit! And that's not the worst of our troubles, Bobby. Here comes the gestapo with their heavy artillery!



As if the Huey Cobra wasn't bad enough, it had been super-charged, armor-plated, and mounted with twin recoilless man-eaters spewing forth three thousand rounds per minute!

BDDA-BDDA BDDA!

Fuckin' hippies are all dead meat!



They plowed into us like the proverbial shovel through a pile of shit!

There was no place to run, no place to hide. Against the open dunes, we were fish in bullet-riddled barrel!

The wreckage, Jimmy...! Dive for the wreckage!

K-CHOW!

ZING!

T-ZING!

T-ZOO!

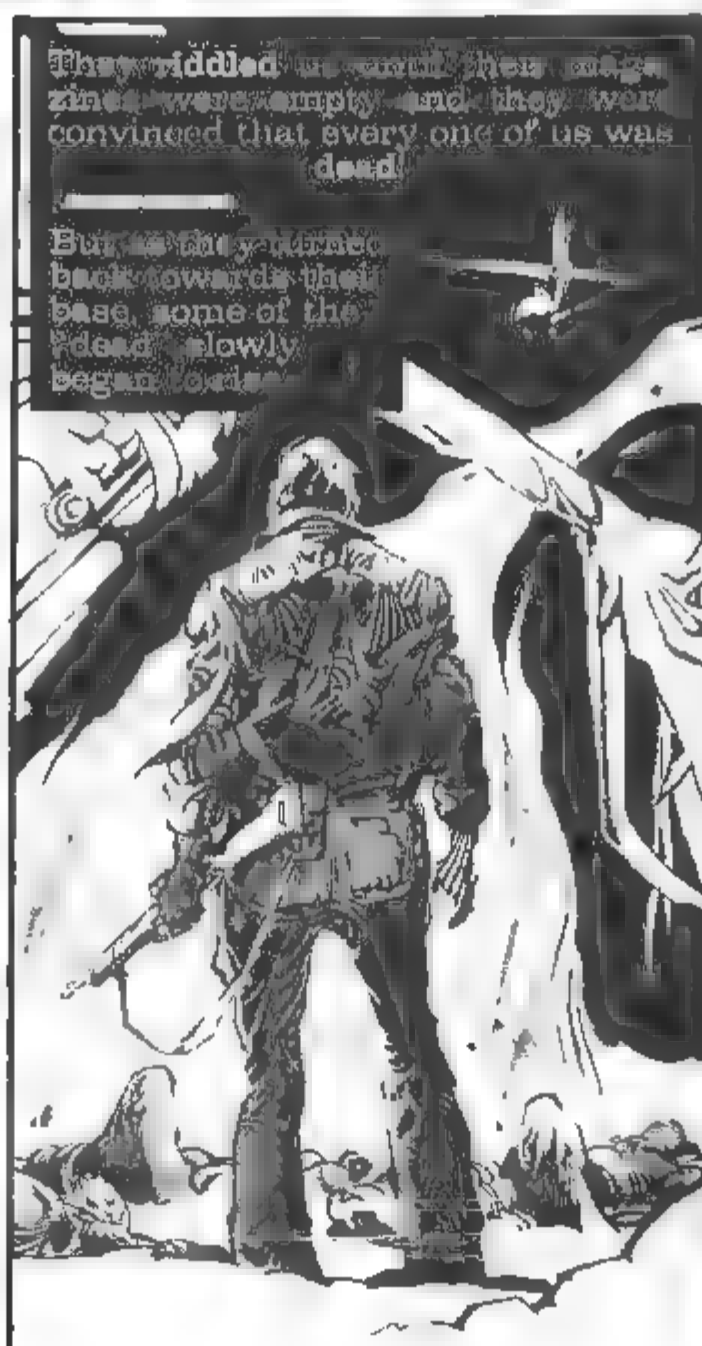


A few of us found refuge in the still smoldering ruins of the chopper we had downed earlier.

WIKOW!

TWING!

But it wasn't enough. The bastards kept hammering away, and our own shells flattened like peas against the Huey's armored hide.



They riddled us until their magazines were empty, and they were convinced that every one of us was dead!

But as they turned back towards their base, some of the dead slowly began to rise.

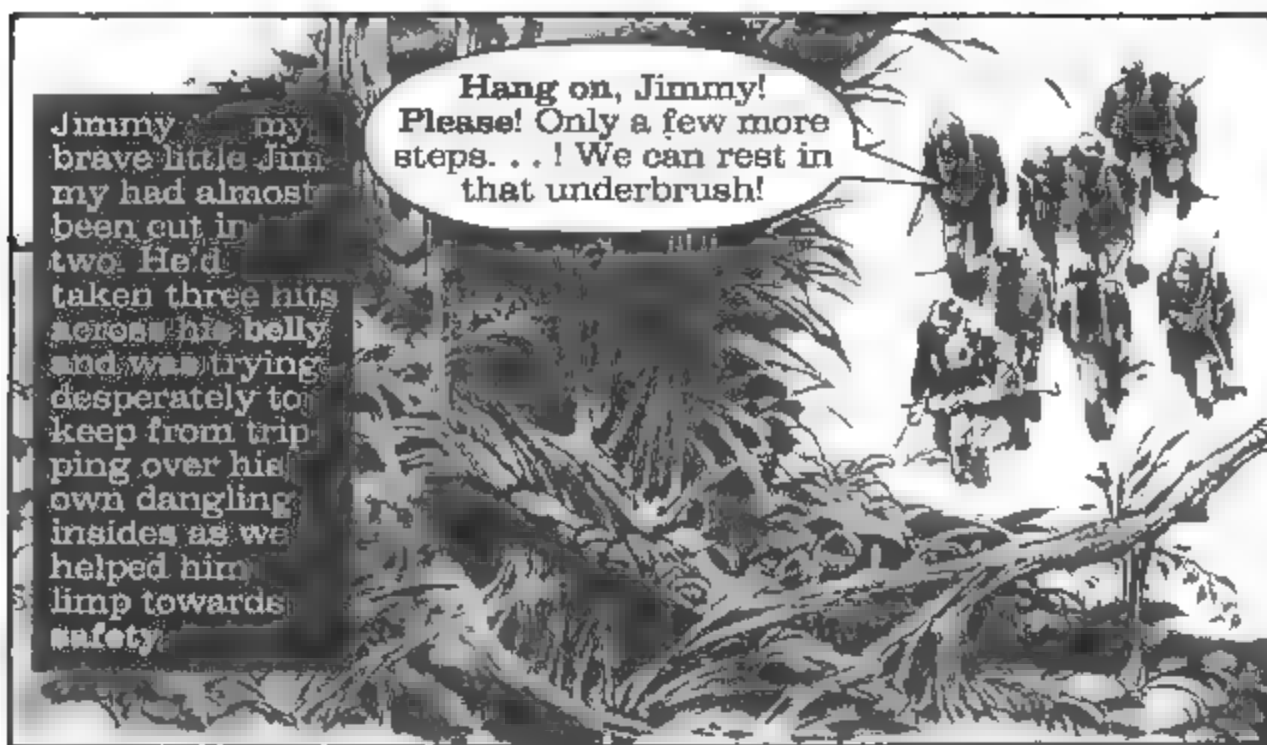


There wasn't but a handful of men left standing, blood like dripping sieves.

We knew we didn't have a snowball's prayer. Their grave-digging mop-up squad would be on us in seconds!

Oh Christ! Oh God! Those murdering sons of bitches!





Jimmy— my brave little Jimmy had almost been cut in two. He'd taken three hits across his belly and was trying desperately to keep from tripping over his own dangling insides as we helped him limp towards safety.

Hang on, Jimmy! Please! Only a few more steps. . . ! We can rest in that underbrush!



Ha ha! That's right, shitlickers! You come on in to safety!

Ha ha ha!



They were waiting for us with a jeep mounted Browning 50 calibre machine gun.

We could see from their leering grins that they planned to end the rebellious uprising right then and there— by exterminating the "blood-thirsty dissidents!"

This is the end of the road, motherfuckers! You can bend over and kiss your sweet asses goodbye!

NOOOO!



The butchering assholes never gave us a chance. Their laughter echoed in my brothers' deaf ears—the last sound they would ever hear.

Somehow— through some miracle of god— Jimmy— already half-dead from the bastards' serial attack— dragged himself away from the barking Browning—

— slipped my camp as the marking pigs and dived after my boyhood friend, praying that somehow— we could get far enough away—

Jimmy—! Oh, Jimmy . . . please make it, man! You've got to!

K-CHOW!  
DOW!  
PTOW!



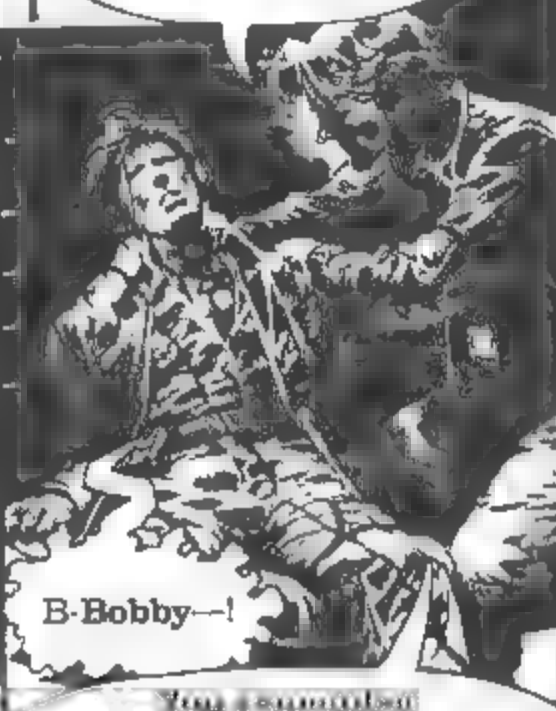
I don't know how... God I don't know... But we left the bloody cage  
age behind.



Ohhhhhh  
... Bobby ...  
Hurts ... hurts  
so bad!

Where Jimmy and I used to play when we were kids. I didn't expect it to still be there. I thought it would be gone. I was so desperate, hope.

We're gonna be all right, man! We're safe, Jimmy ... in the Hideaway!



B-Bobby—!

You remember the Hideaway, man! Ha ha! We used to come up here and play pretend! Remember, Jimmy—? Remember—? We're home!

Yeah ... at long last Jimmy and Phad come home. My lifelong friend and brother had given his all in the new struggle for American freedom. But to the bureaucratic rats who made our laws and stole those freedoms by the fistful Jimmy's all just been worth a damn.



The murdering pigs will be coming for me soon, too. They know that we've eluded them, and it shouldn't take long for them to follow Jimmy's trail of blood to our "Hideaway."

I should run. I should try to escape, join with other patriots and continue our struggle for right.

But I would be just one more voice among the hundreds which are daily joining our cause.



There is a far better way in which I can serve the rebellion. A much more proper role for the nephew of the President of the United States.

And that, Uncle Ted, is why I write you, in what I know will be my final moments of life.



The cause needs its John the Baptist. The people cry out for their Joan of Arc! Every struggle must have a martyr around which to rally.

I will be that martyr. I will be your downfall!



When the American people learn that your own family stands against you, they will rise in glorious unison ... and topple the throne which you have abused.

Daddy always said you'd make one dipshit of a president!

Your loving nephew  
—Bobby—



**BOOM!**



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OF TIME!**

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**...AUGUST 1st**



"Remember earth?"

Remember when you were a kid and you dropped an unwanted mouthful of hot dog in the grass or by the curb of an asphalt sidewalk? Remember when you came back that afternoon and it was coated with ants? You were feeling mean, so you doused them with lighter fluid and torched them? Remember?

Remember how the earth got itself fried like that, too?

# ONCE UPON A HOLOCAUST!



Now, do you remember me? That glazed, empty look in your eyes and that thick, red tongue of yours hanging out, ain't about to fool old zero. You remember, you scumhole!

You . . . you've got the wrong man!



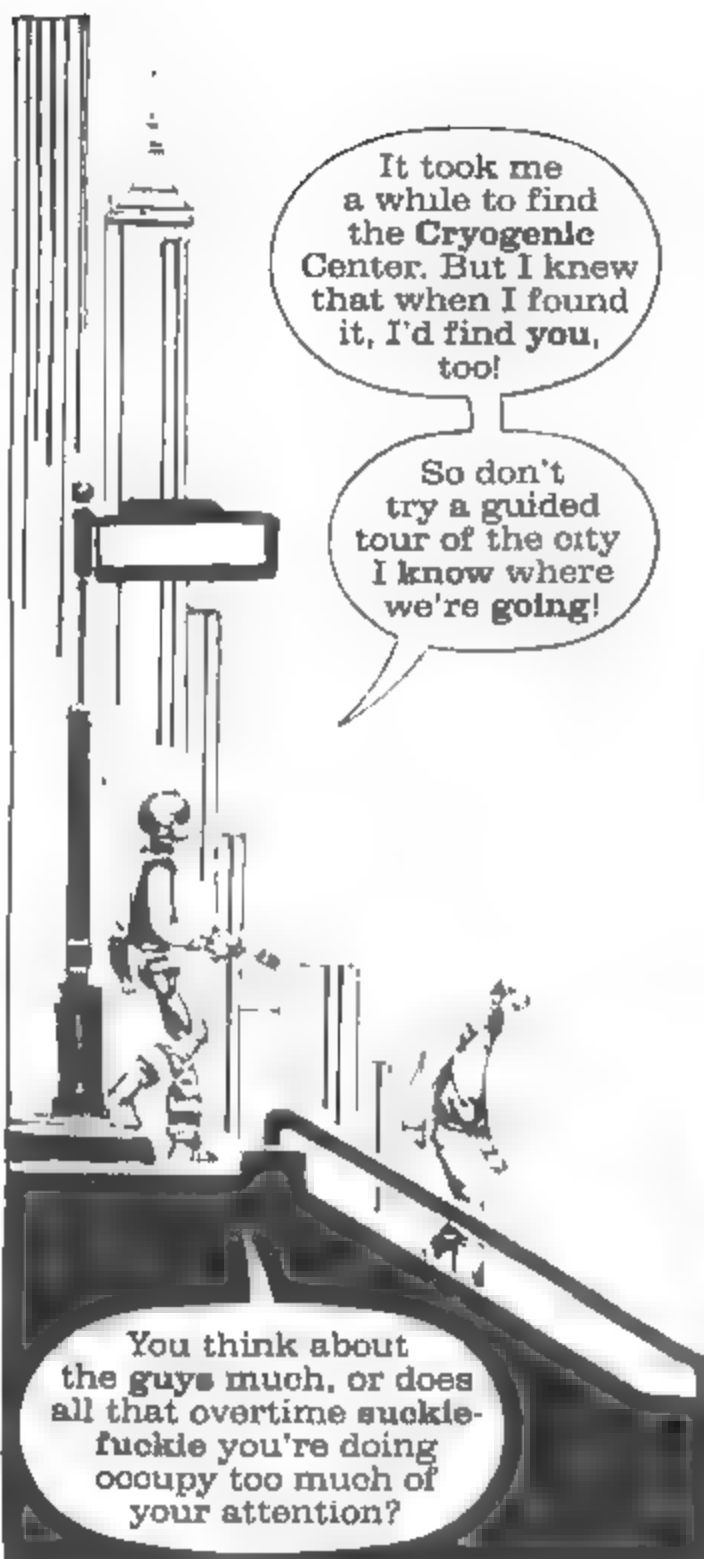
That's funny!  
That's downright hilarious,  
Hardtack, considering that you and  
I are probably the last men on earth.  
"Wrong man!" Sheeee-it!

ETA VII  
Move your ass,  
shitface! You know where  
I want to go!



It took me  
a while to find  
the Cryogenic  
Center. But I knew  
that when I found  
it, I'd find you,  
too!

So don't  
try a guided  
tour of the city  
I know where  
we're going!



You think about  
the guys much, or does  
all that overtime suckle-  
fuckle you're doing  
occupy too much of  
your attention?

I think about them.  
They weren't exactly good  
ol' boys, but they were the last  
men alive, and that made them  
kind of precious...  
don't you think?!



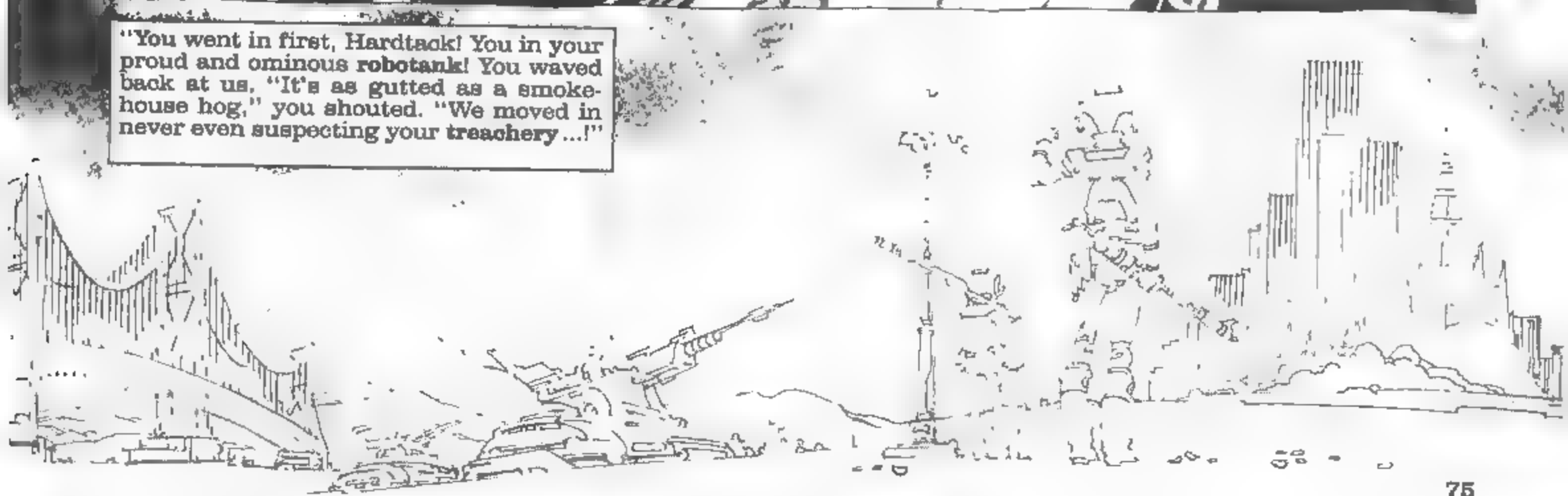
Don't  
try it,  
Hardtack.  
You make a  
right here!



I remember  
when we first  
closed in on this  
city... don't you, asshole?  
There wasn't a soul  
alive. But we came  
in anyway. Secure  
the Cryogenic  
center, you  
said!

Secure it for  
who? Shit! But we  
were soldiers. We didn't  
question! We just  
followed orders!

"You went in first, Hardtack! You in your  
proud and ominous robotank! You waved  
back at us. "It's as gutted as a smoke-  
house hog," you shouted. "We moved in  
never even suspecting your treachery...!"





"That's when you  
turned your cannon on  
us and sizzled our  
hides!"

FLOOOOOM!

"You even melted down  
half the city just to cover  
your tracks."

"I always meant to ask  
you asshole— just  
who did you think was  
coming after you?  
Aside from me, there  
wasn't anybody left!"

BWADDOOOM!

"We got to tell you— I was  
wounded bad, Hardtack. Real bad!  
I saw you once, trudging proudly  
down Third Avenue. I wanted to  
follow you to the Cryo Center. I  
wanted to kill you. But I— I was  
still too weak!"

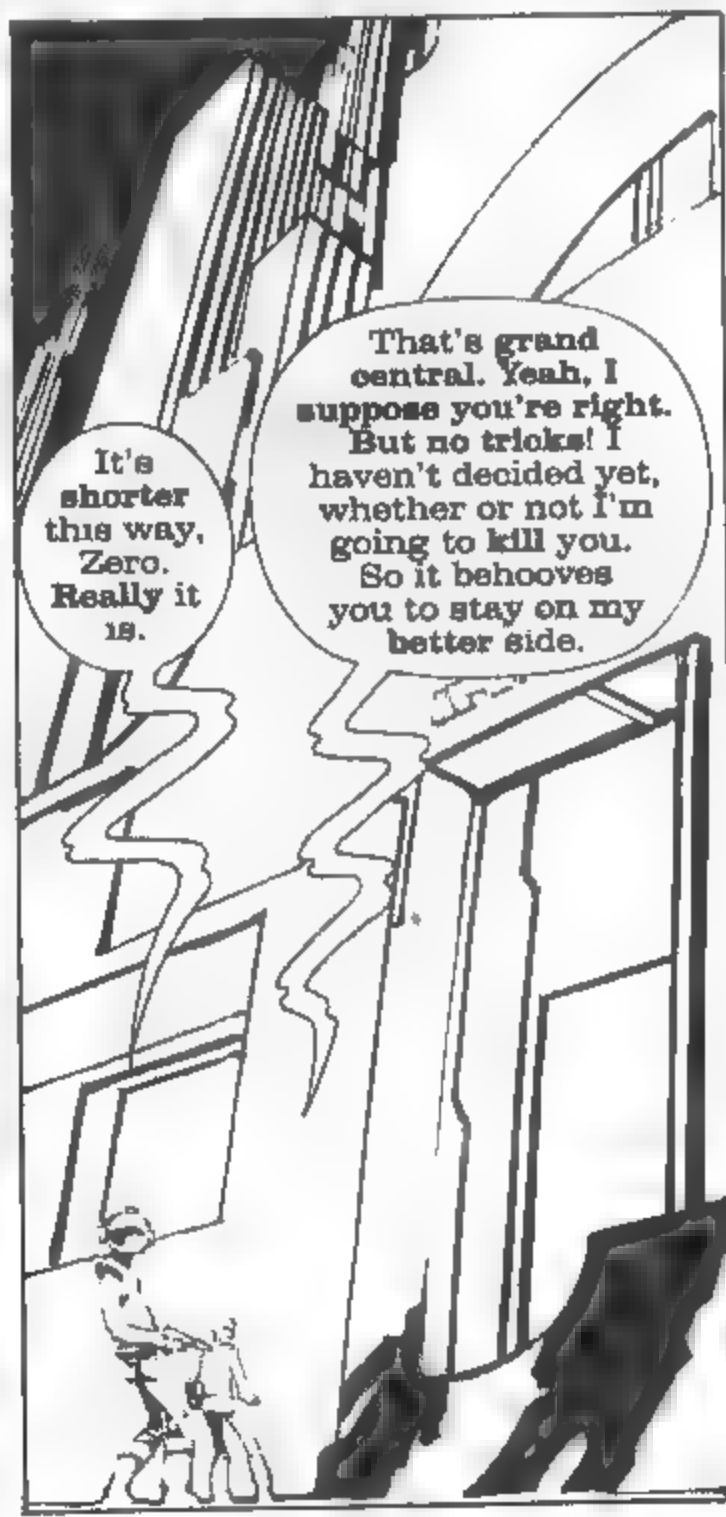


Hold it, scumnuts!  
Not that way. We make  
a left here. So help me,  
Hardtack, if you want to  
stay alive—!



It's  
shorter  
this way,  
Zero.  
Really it  
is.

That's grand  
central. Yeah, I  
suppose you're right.  
But no tricks! I  
haven't decided yet,  
whether or not I'm  
going to kill you.  
So it behooves  
you to stay on my  
better side.







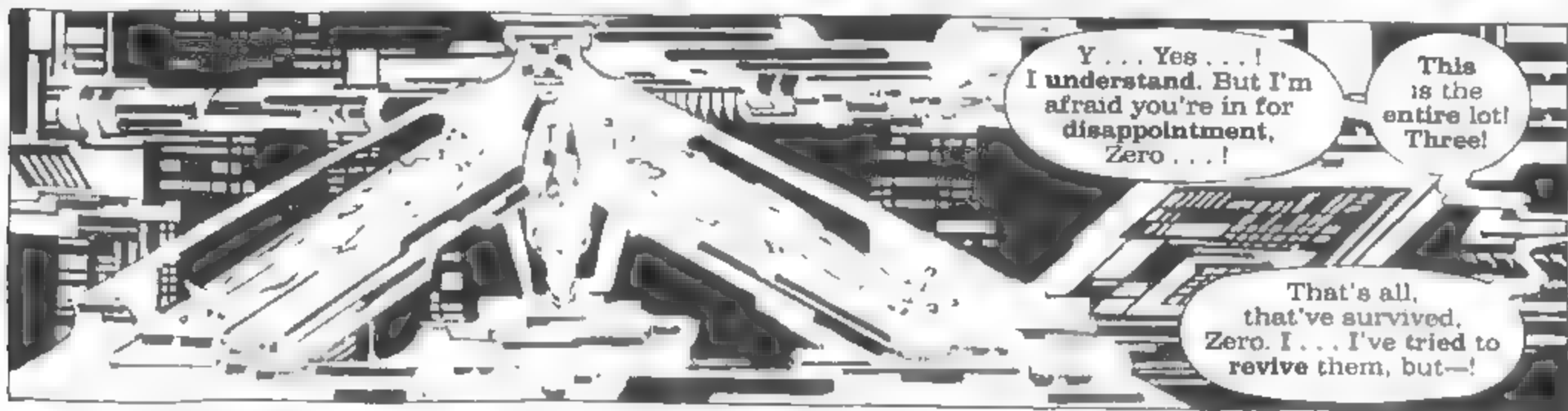




Lucked out, didn't you, Hardtack? But don't worry. Now that I'm here, I'm not going to snuff you! I still need you to wake up the ladies!

Surprised? Thought I'd have a face like a half-melted candle, didn't you?

I'm a whole man, scumbags, and I think you know what that means.



Y... Yes...! I understand. But I'm afraid you're in for disappointment, Zero...!

This is the entire lot! Three!

That's all, that've survived, Zero. I... I've tried to revive them, but—!



Get off it, Hardtack! That's why you wanted this place for yourself, isn't it? You're no soldier...

... but you are an expert in suspended animation. You wanted these little love boxes for your own enjoyment!

You... you're wrong, Zero—!

But... Adam started with one Eve, so I suppose this puts me two ahead of him.



Thaw this one first, scumbag. The frigid little lady looks like she could use some nice warm lovin'!

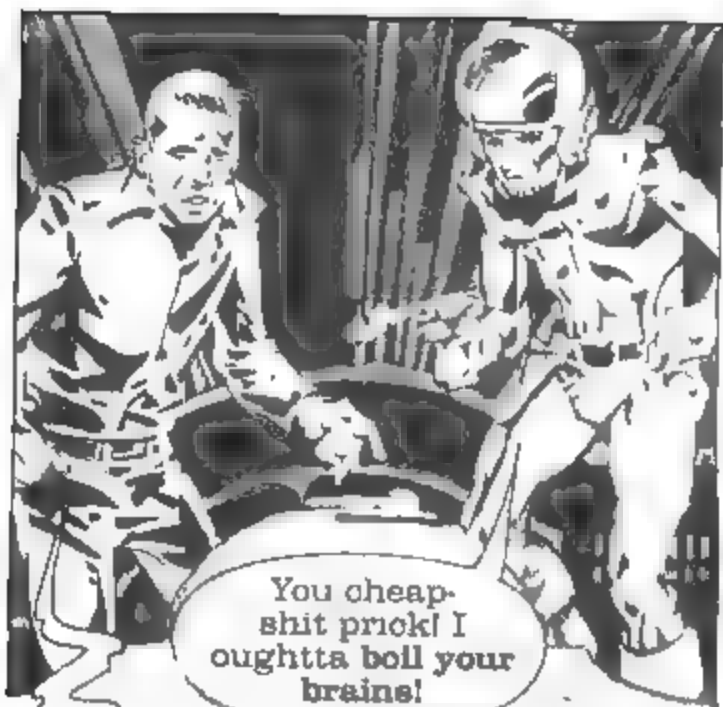
Please, Zero...! You... You can't...! You don't know—!



Do it, Hardtack, or I'll crap you out where you stand!

Oh... God! F-forgive me...!

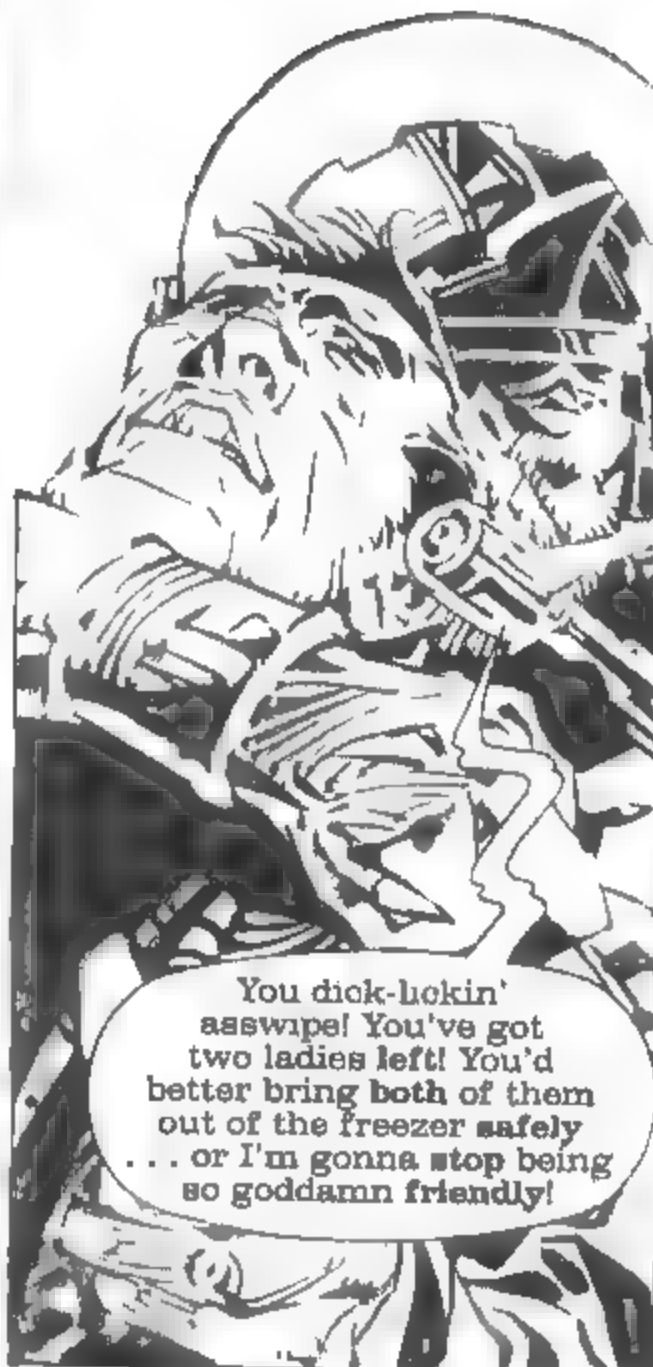




You cheap-shit prick! I oughtta boil your brains!

I... I tried to warn you, Zero! It's happened before! They... they're too unstable!

They keep breaking up on me!



You dick-hokin' asswipe! You've got two ladies left! You'd better bring both of them out of the freezer safely... or I'm gonna stop being so goddamn friendly!



I... I can't, Zero! For god's sake, man... don't you think I've tried! I want them as badly as you do...!

But something's wrong

Something's terribly wrong!



This is your last chance to make it right, asshole!



You waste this sweetmeat and I'm wasting you!

P-please, Zero...! This isn't like any cryo-unit I've ever operated before.

The equipment... the machinery... is so... different. But... but it's working, Zero...! Good god, it's working! She... she's coming around!



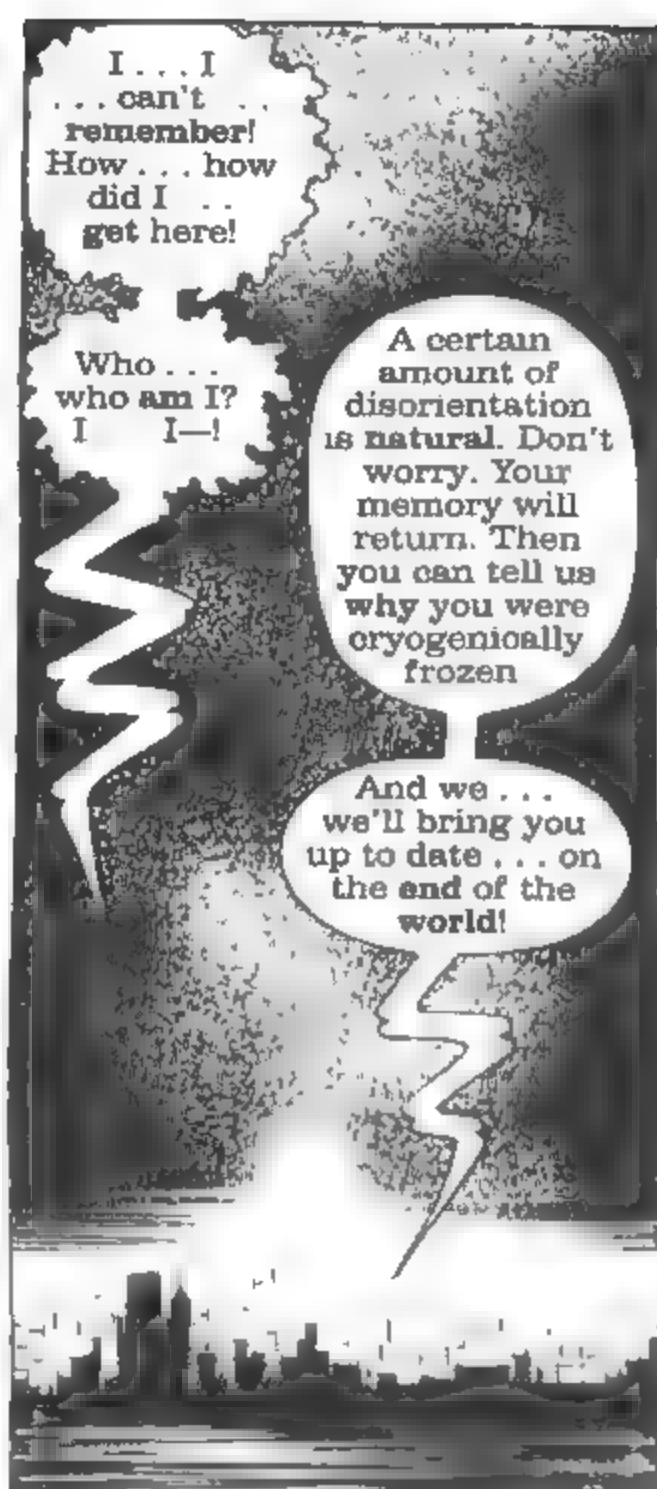
Oh, Christ, Hardtack! She... she's beautiful!





I feel so weak... It... it—! My throat—! Hurts to talk!

Don't strain yourself, sweetheart. Take it slow.



I... I... can't remember! How... how did I... get here!

Who... who am I? I... I—!

A certain amount of disorientation is natural. Don't worry. Your memory will return. Then you can tell us why you were cryogenically frozen

And we... we'll bring you up to date... on the end of the world!



Satisfied now, Zero. You've got your life-long companion. I only have to repeat my steps for the next one.

Then do it, Hardtack! Now!



... young girl within, slowly opens her eyes

I... I...

Don't try to talk, dear. Given time... you'll be just fine.



That man... can't stand the... Hardtack!

But your time has just run out...!

Zero... n-no...! Y-You can't! The... the women—! They need us... both! To... to... repopulate the world!



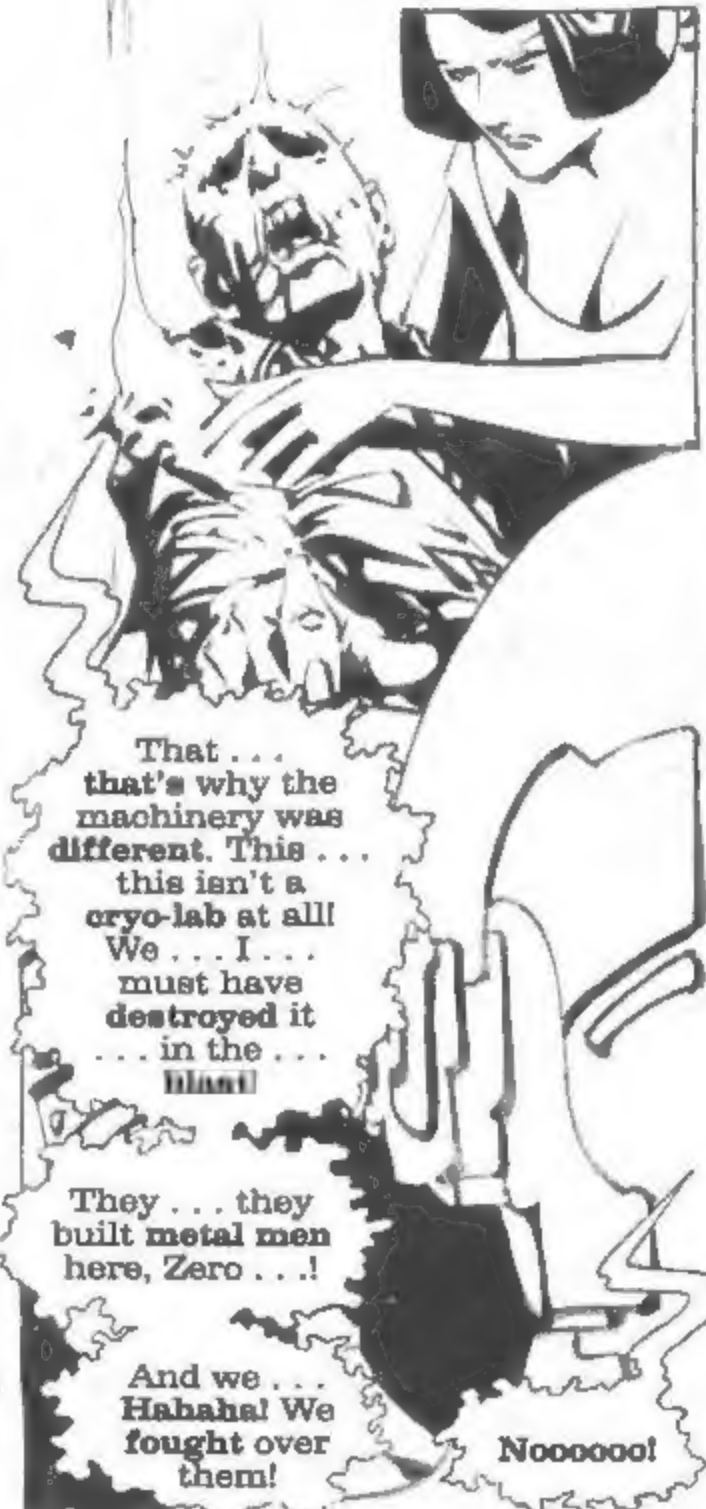
BAKOWWW!

Fuck you, asspain!

I'm the only man they need!

I'm going to be the new daddy of all mankind!







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Gosh, Happy Jim,  
why is our ship rocking  
so rhythmically out of  
control?

You don't  
suppose it has anything  
to do with the wanton  
sexual mores of the  
multi-orgasmic mammoth  
Libidian Lech-blobs  
we've ensconced away in  
our cargo hold?

Nix, Skeeze! I  
think we're under  
attack by the lascivious  
lib-licking Lechmen of  
Limload IV!

Don't tell me,  
Happy Jim! They're  
after your latest  
issue of 1984!  
Right!?

Wrong, Skeeze!  
As incredible as it  
may seem, they really  
do have the hots for  
the Lech-blobs in  
our cargo hold!

But never fear!  
I'll offer them my copy  
of 1984 instead! It just  
might appease their  
limitless sensual mores  
until the next shipment  
of Lech-blobs  
arrives!

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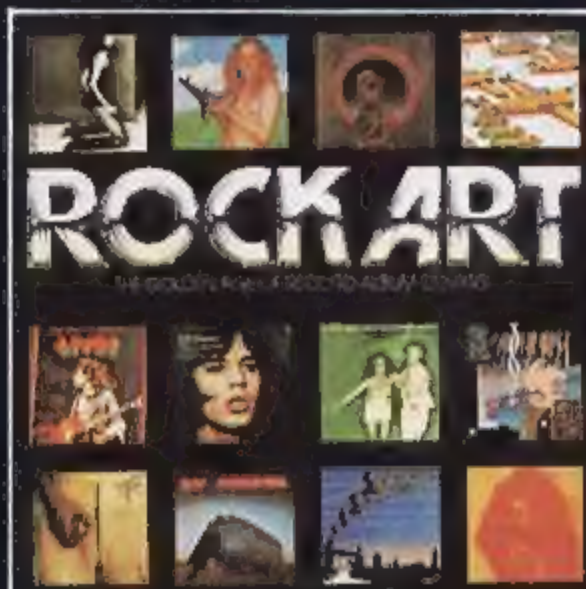
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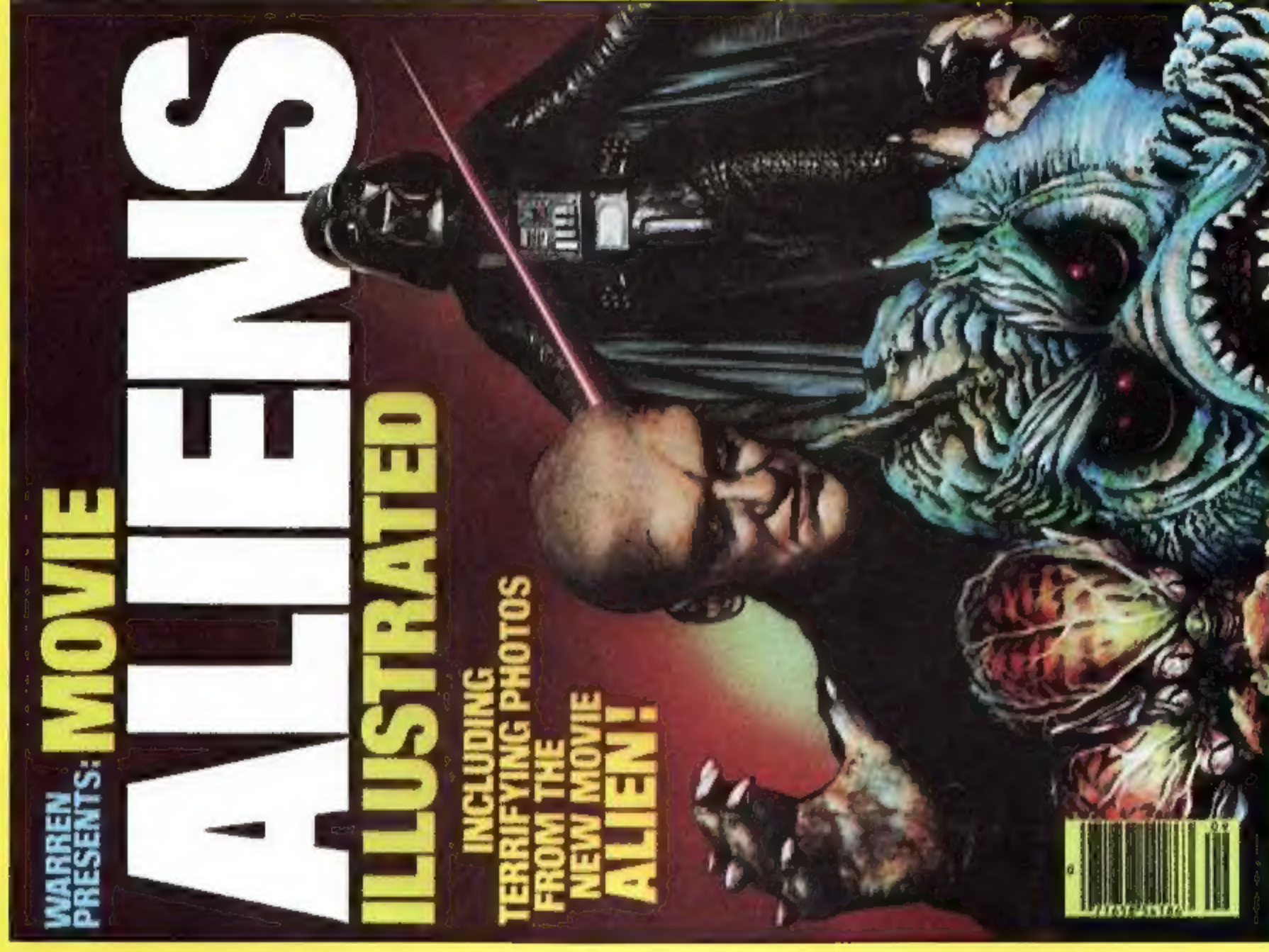


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